The New REPUBLIC

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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PRESIDENT WILSON is likely to make the coming congressional session more interesting than has been anticipated. The newspapers have it that he proposes to push further the work, which he has so courageously and successfully begun, of enabling the executive to count more positively in the legislative policy of the government. The President, as the leader of his party and by means of his friendly relations with individual congressmen has, of course, always exercised a considerable influence on congressional action; and these unofficial sources of influence have been used with excellent effect by Mr. Wilson. But he is not content to allow the influence to remain unofficial and personal. He is trying firmly but discreetly to develop regular official channels of executive initiative and power on legislative action. His practice of delivering his messages to Congress in person was an admirable innovation, which symbolized appropriately and conspicuously the increasing contact which he wished to establish between the Presidency and the legislative body. Apparently he is now considering whether the President should not also attend in person the executive sessions of the Senate and discuss with the whole Senate matters of executive business. Finally he proposes to follow up ex-President Taft's wise attempt to bring about an increasing participation of the Treasury department in the framing of the estimates. If it is true that he intends to make his fight on these two points, he has selected his ground with a deadly insight into the weak aspects of the congressional system.

THE President's Mexican policy has failed. It has been at once stubborn, vacillating and unimpressive, and its only merit has been its good intentions. But there is no use in crying over the spilt milk; let us rather right the jug and keep it right. What has occurred will occur again; civil war, rapine, arson, injury to the persons and property of Americans and Europeans. There will be process of having been bought for no other reason up his policy of watchful waiting, which is nothing but a policy of aimless drifting, or in other words no policy at all, and decide which of two methods of action he will choose and maintain. Either he must recognize the *de facto* President, whoever and whatever he may be; keep his hands off the electoral machinery, the constitutional processes, the land and labor policy and all other internal affairs of Mexico, maintaining only Mexico's independence of Europe and the rights of Americans and Europeans in Mexico; or he must intervene effectively and by force of arms, seizing and holding the ports and various strategic points, and himself conducting the elections which will put a President in power. The one is a policy of determined non-intervention; the other amounts practically to a temporary protectorate. Each has its drawbacks, dangers, and temptations, but each is at least consistent and offers some chance of a tolerable consummation. What offers no hope is the continuation of the President's actual policy of alternately balking at each of two evils and ultimately embracing both.

WHEN the late Benjamin Altman bequeathed his works of art to the Metropolitan Museum in New York he vastly increased, of course, the usefulness of that institution as one designed to further the education of the public. But he did more to further the education of the collector. The five rooms which were thrown open on November seventeenth expose the aesthetic furniture of a well-ordered mind, sensitive both to high critical standards and to the demands of ordinary human feeling. Mr. Altman gave a new meaning to the phrase which has so often spelled intellectual laziness, if not something worse; he "knew what he liked," and liked all manner of beautiful things. Italian and Flemish Primitives, Rembrandt and Velasquez, French enamels of the fifteenth century and French sculptures of the eighteenth, tapestries and porcelains—all these he collected; and by the simple

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ful delight. He spent prodigious sums only because they were necessary, and he did so without a thought of fashion, or of conspicuousness that rests upon extravagance, or of any other adventitious elements in the collector's world. The installation of his treasures is as happy as was the spirit that presided over their accumulation.

A SITUATION which would be amusing if it were not so serious has suddenly presented itself to the contracting firms engaged in building the new subways for New York. These firms, of whose labor force fully ninety per cent are aliens, have suddenly been confronted with the labor law of the State explicitly forbidding the employment of alien labor upon public work. The lawyers for the contractors put on their spectacles and try to look surprised over this law, as plain as a pikestaff, which they have so long and meticulously ignored. Though it must be obeyed, pending appeal to the courts, there is little hope that its application in the present instance will work for good. By it aliens not employed will be thrown out of their jobs, while natives from country districts will be drawn into the city. The result will be more unemployment and not less.

OF course the labor leaders who have invoked the law against the subway contractors will be accused of group selfishness in taking advantage of this legal strangle-hold, and naturally they will retort that if they do profit by their legal opportunities they are at least not alone in their selfishness. But the real trouble lies much deeper, in the law itself. We have every right to restrict immigration and shut out the alien if we wish, but there is neither wisdom nor justice in allowing him to enter the country and then denying him employment. If, as is possible, the whole purpose of the law was to raise wages in this industry—and they are at present far below a real living wage—then the result should have been sought in a manner less invidious and more direct.

THE attitude of the French press towards the war seems calmly free from that restlessness and recrimination that characterize most English comment. To the Anglo-Saxon world the outstanding fact is the abnormality and horror of the conflict. It was avoidable, it is monstrous, it is incredible, it makes the moral order, Christianity, sway under our feet, it is an insensate madness that threatens to wreck the world. The French, on the only a holy calm of satisfaction. After the tedious years of recess, the nation has set about its proper business again. The long period of probation, this keeping one's self alive against the great day of activity, is past and over. One has the impression that it was peace with Germany that was the monstrous, the abnormal, the incredible thing. War was the normal state, broken by an enforced but barely tolerated truce of forty-three years, and the nation sets about its work with the air of a man who has found the way of fullest self-expression, and is in his task to the uttermost.

STATISTICS of production and wealth do not give us as vivid a sense of the immense economic power of modern nations as does the comparative ease with which these nations bear the strain of war. In the days of Frederick the Great the task of keeping a few tens of thousands of soldiers in the field taxed the resources of the feeble kingdoms of Europe; to-day England, France, Germany and Russia maintain millions of armed men, and the burden seems hardly to have increased. In England the new war loans are immediately over-subscribed; the rise of prices which followed the outbreak of war is stopped; while unemployment, always a sign of industrial disarrangement, falls from 71 per thousand of trade-unionists in August to 59 in September and to 40 in October. So long as the sea remains open, the industrial resources and the stability of Great Britain are incalculable.

NORTHWESTERN University was recently summoned to court on the charge of violating the State ten-hour law for women. A telephone operator, it was alleged, had been kept on duty nineteen hours. Although the exact number of hours was disputed, the defence did not deny that there had been overwork. It merely denied legal responsibility, on the diverting ground that Northwestern University is not a "public institution." But as a private institution it occupies an interesting position; not only are all its buildings forever exempt from taxation, but its investments in Chicago real estate are exempted too. This amounts to a subsidy of millions of dollars by the taxpayers of Illinois, a rather generous concession to a private enterprise. The University's attempt to evade the law is, of course, worthless, a shameless bit of legal sophistry which an honorable person would scorn to employ. When we remember that the University maintains a law school, that it pretends to train people for American life, an incident of this kind makes us wonder whether the authorities who coun-

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IN Georgia most murderers escape. Among white men the percentage of convictions to the total killing is insignificant; the technicalities of the law and the presumptions of public opinion work in favor of the accused. But when public opinion singles out a victim, technicality can be made to work against him. This is what thousands of people believe has happened in the case of Leo Frank, and this is why his fate is being watched in all parts of the Union. It is known that so much prejudice was worked up against him by some newspapers in Atlanta that the court did not dare to receive the jury's verdict on a Saturday when crowds were in the streets. It is believed by thousands of people everywhere that the evidence of Frank's guilt is so exceedingly doubtful that to hang the man would be a thoughtless crime. These people wonder why on feeble evidence gathered in an atmosphere of anger the authorities should be rushing this man towards his death, denying him the benefit of all those technicalities through which far more obviously guilty men have escaped. From one end of the country to the other men and women are asking what there is in the case of Leo Frank which prevents him from receiving a fair trial in a calm court. They are asking what is to be gained by taking the irrevocable step before every doubt is removed.

INDICATIONS are accumulating that the Federal Reserve Act, whatever its deficiencies, has done away with one very dangerous consequence of the old national banking organization. It has apparently succeeded in diminishing the suspicion with which business men and bankers throughout the country regarded the financial power and responsibility of the New York banks, and it has consequently prepared the way for a much more effectual and wholesome measure of cooperation among the local financial centers for the purpose either of meeting an emergency or for that of accomplishing a desirable public financial policy. In order to appreciate the extent of the change, one has only to compare the situation at the present time with that which followed upon the panic of 1907. Seven years ago a large part of the West believed that New York was more or less responsible for the panic, and the banks of that part of the country made it more rather than less difficult for the New York banks to avoid the calamity of a complete collapse of credit and prices. The air was charged with suspicions and mutual recrimination. This year an almost equally serious situation has been handled with much less friction and strain and in a praiseworthy spirit of national cooperation. The Federal Reserve Act has made most of the differ-

"DEMOCRACY being democracy, you cannot convince it that war is justifiable except on moral grounds. The nearer a country approaches democracy, the greater the pressure upon its rulers to find moral reasons or moral pretexts for making war." Hence hypocrisy, or the homage which diplomacy pays to democracy.

"AT about 3 p. m. we crossed the bridge and got into the town. All along the road from bridge to town equipments, guns and cartridges lay thick, and within the place dead men and horses thickened, too. We were taken ahead through the town to support the artillery beyond, where it was shelling the woods around and ridding the place for the night of any troublesome wanderers. The pickets posted out ahead that night said the shrieks of women and children further on in the wood could be heard perfectly all night long, these unfortunates having taken refuge there from the threatened town. That night we lived like fighting-cocks—pork, butter, cheese and all sorts of different delicacies being foraged for, and houses entered regardless of the commonest dues of life, and others set on fire to show the town was our own. She belonged to our army and almost every man claimed a house. If I had only had your orders beforehand for trophies I could have satisfied you with anything named, from a gold watch to an old brickbat."

The reader will at once recognize the passage as an extract from a letter of a Prussian officer serving in the present terrible Belgian campaign. It is stories of callous vandalism like this that give point to the English denunciations of the Germans as barbarians, Huns and Vandals, who wage war with a ruthlessness never before known in civilized lands, and also to our American thankfulness that we have reached a scale of civilization far above that of the militaristic and tyrant-ridden Teutons. Only a German barbarian could write with such cool nonchalance of the anguish of women and the pillage and wanton burning of defenceless towns.

For the truth of history, however, the fact must be let out that this passage occurs not in the correspondence of a Prussian officer, but in a letter from Sergeant G. W. James to his brother, Henry James, a gentleman of somewhat more than local literary fame, and describes the taking of the town of Kingston during the Civil War. Theorists on war are left to draw their own philosophy.

"HIS play is sincere, straightforward, intelligent, unaffected. That is why it is interesting from first to last. Also, that is why it is cheerless." Thus the dramatic critic in *The New*

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War and Capital

PERHAPS the least questioned of all assumptions as to the economic effects of the war is the one contained in the alarming prediction of the financial expert who appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission on behalf of the railroads in the renewal of their appeal for permission to raise freight rates.

"The demand for capital for purely war purposes," he said, "and for the settlements which succeed the war, will be so great as to absorb an amount equal to the entire savings for investment made in all civilized countries for a period of several years." Therefore capital for years to come was bound to be both very scarce and very dear.

What Mr. Conant means to say, and what most people think, is that after the war so much destroyed capital will have to be replaced, and the people's power to create and save new capital will have been so greatly impaired, that there will be a capital famine. All the great states of Europe will appear in the money market as preferred borrowers, bidding high for rehabilitation loans, and when they are through there will be very little capital left in the world to meet the normal wants of industry and commerce.

That may all happen in logical order, and yet it is not inevitable. People often succeed in disappointing an economic fate that they have rashly courted. They have resources of mind and body beyond the knowing of statistical averages. For statistical purposes it is a mere problem of division to discover what the average social unit produces and consumes each year. Stimulate that unit, however, and all your averages go awry. Hence, perhaps, those surprising post-bellum experiences in which economic history abounds.

In 1815 all who thought in economic terms must have believed that Europe, impoverished by the Napoleonic wars, would require so much capital to rehabilitate itself that there would ensue a capital famine. The prospect was one of heroic saving and self-denial for perhaps half a generation, and this merely to repair waste; for great industrial adventures little capital would be found. The exact contrary, however, happened. In the decade 1815-24, 3 per cent British Consols, the premier investment security of the world, fluctuations in which are barometric, increased their mean annual price from under 60 to over 90, while their investment yield declined from 5 per cent to less than 3 1-3 per cent. In other words, the prevailing rate of interest unexpectedly declined, notwithstanding the enormous borrowing of nations. Their loans, as they appeared, straightway commanded premiums, which [illegible] ed "bullish" speculation, which in turn made it

ten years the British Government refunded large portions of its debt at reduced rates of interest, and, in addition, increasing amounts of capital were made available for new enterprise, so that at length the problem became not how to find capital, but how to find safe and profitable employment for capital.

Similarly the Franco-Prussian War failed to result in a famine of capital. Its effect upon the prevailing rate of interest in Europe was moderate; indeed, the mean price of 3 per cent. Consols was only about 2 per cent lower in 1871 than in 1869. Three years after France had paid the war indemnity of $1,000,000,000 to Germany, Berlin was borrowing money in Paris, and Paris had it to lend. In 1873 there broke out a world-wide panic; but that again was the effect not of a capital famine but of the misuse in speculation of capital that was abundant.

For a more definite study of economic potentialities under stress of war, let us take the Civil War period in this country. That war is notable among those of modern times for having been currently paid for almost wholly out of the interior resources of the country in which it took place. Yet despite the almost complete lack of outside assistance, wealth and capital increased with immense rapidity during the decade from 1860 to 1870. Per capita wealth rose, manufacturing extended enormously, and the railway mileage of the country increased by over 70 per cent. Capital, it is true, was dear during the war and immediately afterward, the Government at the end paying interest at 6 per cent on long term bonds, and above 7 per cent for temporary loans. But to find capital for the enormous industrial and agricultural expansion of the decade, an heroic task even in time of peace, meant that borrowing for new enterprises alone would have caused the rate of interest to rise. That notwithstanding the terrific cost of war, capital at reasonable rates was forthcoming for those other purposes, is one of the marvels of economic history.

After the close of the Napoleonic wars the interest rate declined and capital was plentiful. During the decade embracing the Civil War, though interest was high, as it must have been for reasons apart from the war, yet capital was available in amounts sufficient to perform prodigious physical works. In both cases it was the unexpected that happened. Possibly, therefore, fallacies abide in the assumption as to the effect of the present war upon the future supply and availability of capital. And when we proceed to examine the premises critically, we shall begin to suspect that even some of the world's eminent economists are prone to exaggerate the cost of war.

If economists exaggerate, what shall we say of

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These take a round figure to represent the cost per day of sustaining a soldier in the field, multiply it by the number of men engaged, and set out the product as the "overhead" cost, with no allowance for the fact that large standing armies are maintained also in time of peace. They estimate the average productive capacity of the average man, multiply that by the number of men transferred from production to war, (always again the whole number engaged), and the product is called the value of lost production. Nothing is allowed for the fact that old men, boys and women volunteer for work in place of the men who got to the front, and that the productive capacity of those who remain behind is increased. Then these easy calculators capitalize a man at 4 or 5 per cent, multiply that figure by the number of men likely to be killed, assume a ratio of mortality, and so obtain a staggering figure to represent the economic cost of war in terms of human life, forgetting to make deduction for the normal death rate. The property loss, too, is usually exaggerated, for to the estimated value of destroyed buildings and bridges and transportation facilities is added the value of the war machine, which is not property like other things, but a sheer liability, the scrapping of which is positive gain.

In proportion as the cost of the war is overstated, the ability of people to save capital, notwithstanding the shrinkage in stock exchange values and the disorder of trade and industry, is probably underestimated. It is well known that men save in time of adversity. No sooner had the war begun than it became fashionable in London to sit down to a one-course dinner. British housewives were told by the Government how to utilize the nourishment in potato-peelings. There was hardly a device for economy in the household that was not counselled even to the verge of triviality. German women who are sending their gold wedding rings to be melted for the war fund are bound to practice extreme frugality in their households. Frugality comes even nearer home, for immediately on the outbreak of war the American people began to economize with such telling effect that merchants denounced it as hysterical. Though these are psychological assumptions, they are none the less supported by facts of experience. Thus during the Civil War savings-bank deposits in this country almost doubled, while the number of individual depositors increased over 40 per cent.

In conclusion it may be admitted that the production of new capital in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, and again in the decade embracing the American Civil War, was tremendously facilitated by mechanical aids. That opens up a very large question—the question whether the possibilities of the future in that direction are as great as they were in the past.

The Republicans and the State Constitution

THE New York constitutional convention, in spite of the inferior quality of its average membership, promises to make an unusually interesting contribution to contemporary constitutional legislation. During its deliberations an attempt will be made to forge an instrument of state government which will differ essentially both from a constitution of the older type and from the newer constitutions of the west. The most influential element in the makeup of the convention will probably be a group of progressive Republicans, of whom ex-secretary Henry S. Stimson is the best representative. This group will be influential less because of its numerical strength than because its members are of men of ability, liberality and strong political conviction. They have long been interested in the problems of state political reorganization, and have reached definite conclusions both as to the cause of the failure of American state government and as to the nature of the remedy. They will present to the convention a group of concrete proposals, which, like the Virginia plan in the Federal Constitutional Convention, will probably become the point of departure for the subsequent deliberations of that body.

The nature of these proposals can be gathered in part from the addresses of Mr. Stimson and others, and in part from the last Republican state platform. Their purpose is in general to restore and reinvigorate representative institutions. These Republicans recognize that the average state government has long ceased to be genuinely representative, and that its failure to be representative has been responsible for the tide of direct government which until recently has been steadily rising in the Middle Western and far Western states. But they object strongly to direct government. The Republican state platform calls the initiative, referendum and recall "alleged remedies" which would "diminish official responsibility," and "would produce political action by irresponsible groups instead of by responsible political parties." If representative government is to be reinvigorated, its increased vitality must be brought about by strengthening the organs of state government and enabling them to perform their proper work.

The organ of state government which this group of Republicans propose particularly to strengthen is the executive. Under their plan the governor becomes the official political leader of the state—a veritable and responsible boss. His administrative power is increased by doing away with the minor state elective officials and by concentrating in him the power of appointment and removal. But this

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lative programme no less than for administrative efficiency and for the execution of the laws. He is to be authorized to introduce bills, to advocate them on the floor of the legislature either in person or by the agency of some member of his cabinet and to frame the budget, the items of which can be diminished but not increased by the legislature. The good old theory of the separation of the powers is expressly abandoned, and the government is to be made more representative by granting to the executive full administrative authority and full power to initiate legislation and either to secure its adoption or to appeal to the people from an irreconcilable legislative opposition. In this way a governmental system which has been slow-moving, unrepresentative and hopelessly divided against itself will obtain both integrity and momentum.

In our opinion the promotion of the governor to the office of responsible state political leader will help enormously to give renewed vitality to representative government. We agree with Mr. Stimson and his associates that unless the organs of state government are strengthened, no increase of direct popular control will avail to make a state political system genuinely representative of popular opinion. But we dissent absolutely from the idea that there is any incompatibility between a more powerful organization of the state political system and an increasing participation by the voters in the actual work of government. Indeed, so far from being incompatible they are really supplementary. When a democracy confers great power and responsibility upon its representative agencies, it has every reason to adopt increasingly comprehensive and stringent precautions against the betrayal of its confidence. Such a government must rest above all upon a broad and firm foundation of popular consent. The older type of state government had no corresponding need of active popular consent, because of its limited ability to do either good or harm. A negative, irresponsible government was kept under sufficient control by its own weakness and incompetence. But a government which is organized to lead public opinion and accomplish important objects of public policy cannot be assimilated in a democratic system unless the voters have every opportunity of expressing their disapprobation, and are required to follow closely and acquiesce cordially in its behavior.

In so far as an increasing participation by the voters in the actual work of government is not compatible with a more powerful and responsible state political organization, good democrats must try to make them compatible. The better organized political system might work more efficiently and accomplish a larger amount of public good in a shorter time in case it did not require active popular government had called for a more sedulous consultation of popular opinion, it would probably have accomplished less than it has accomplished on behalf of administrative efficiency and social welfare. But a democracy cannot live by efficiency alone. It must not be organized merely for the sake of giving able and economical expression to a prevailing popular opinion or purpose. The dominant end of any genuinely democratic political organization is that of increasing the existing fund of popular political good-will and experience; and this end can be obtained only by a larger infusion of direct popular participation in the actual work of government. In so far as such participation is obtained, a successful measure of political or social policy not only serves its purpose and accomplishes a useful result, but acts as an educational leaven upon a body of voters who have themselves made a positive contribution to its incorporation in the state legal system.

Restoring the Family

THE Board of Education of the City of New York is opposed to married women continuing to teach in the schools. If it had the power it would simply expel them. Since, however, the law does not permit a woman to be deprived of her occupation simply because she is married, the Board seeks to attain its ends indirectly. It refuses to appoint or reappoint teachers already married, it withholds promotion from those who marry subsequently to their appointment, and it denies to married teachers leave of absence before and after childbirth. Life is to be made so unendurable for married teachers, they are to be compelled to make such heartbreaking sacrifices, that they will sooner or later accept defeat and allow themselves to be driven out of the schools.

At first glance it might seem as though there were no possible defense for such a policy, and yet we are sure that the members of the Board responsible for it, however stupid and bigoted they may be, are not wilfully cruel. Torquemada was not a cruel man, nor were the judges cruel who burned the witches at Salem.

The majority members of the Board of Education are really trying to work out certain theories. They believe fundamentally in rotation of office, in circulating the available school jobs among the daughters of voters during the few years between appointment and marriage. Unmarried women or widows, those who have no man to look after them, should have a billet in the schools, as a soldier has a pension, whereas a woman with a real husband ought not to need a salary. The main

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primarily for the children, but that they are to provide jobs for a succession of pallid maidens, young and old, who otherwise might sit at home crocheting at the expense of estimable fathers and mothers.

There is, however, a deeper conviction at the bottom of this policy. Many members of the Board of Education are oldish and reactionary men, who deplore this modern world of ours and bewail the ancient landmarks swept away by the rising flood. Religion, it seems to them, is openly flouted, and as for morality, that is impossible in an age where children go to the "movies" and ladies smoke cigarettes. But above all, the old family life, the stern, dutiful, traditional family life of yesterday, is doomed to disappear unless women again learn the nobility of being humble and of choosing to bear children rather than finding their life-career in teaching the children of other women. Because these educators favor marriage they drive married women from the schools; because they wish married women to bear and raise children they refuse leave of absence to married teachers about to be mothers. The Board of Education is using its broom to sweep back the waters. It wishes to restore the old family life as it was before the growth of the factory, the city, and all this modern laxness of ours.

It is a pious wish, utterly unrealizable. We have long since learned that the old, hard-working, self-contained family of father, mother, and eight or nine children, living on the edge of civilization, was not nearly so ideal as we had been led to believe, and that in any case this type of family life was bound to disappear, like the stage-coach and the hand-loom. Our modern industry, which gives us our daily bread, our clothes, houses, luxuries, and dissipations, subtly disintegrates this family life as it was. It condemns millions of casual laborers to a migratory life, which is another term for a not too fastidious celibacy. Family life is disarranged, disorganized and even destroyed by the long hours of work for father and children, by the twelve-hour day, the seven-day week, the twenty-four hour shift, and all manner of irregularity and excess. It is injured by accidents and industrial disease which incapacitate the father and force the mother to become a bread-winner; by the enormous levying of our modern industry upon the lives of young children who are drawn from school and home; by the gradual disappearance of the individual house once owned by the wage-earner; by the entrance of sweated industries into tenements and farmhouses; by the disappearance in many regions of a family integrity and a family discipline, due to the overwork or a different thing in proletarian as in other families from what it was even a generation ago. And there are many women, and indeed many married women, who now want self-expression and a career outside the family life of the modern home, stripped as it is by industry of its industrial and educational opportunities. All of which seems immoral, revolutionary, and unfortunate to the majority members of the New York Board of Education.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that industry should destroy lives and loyalties, customs and anticipations. It is deplorable that family life should be aborted, tortured, and deadened. But the cure for the resulting suffering and deterioration lies in an adjustment of ourselves to our changing industrial environment and of it to us, and not in efforts to shut progress out. Once we cease blindly to worship the economic process and learn to understand it and its human implications, once we come to look upon industry not as product only but as effort and pain and happiness, then we can better adapt that process to the needs of the family. To preserve the family we must prohibit child labor and all home work; we must reform our factories, our houses, and our schools. We must safeguard our workmen and insure them against accident, sickness, invalidity and old age; we must lessen the hours of industry and raise the wages through pressure of public opinion, through the power of trade unions, and through statutory enactment. Finally, we must achieve industrial and political democracy for men and for women also. To preserve the family, woman must be completely emancipated. She must be made independent economically and politically, an equal member of a family group.

The trouble with this Board of Education is that they keep their eyes closed, desire the wrong things, and try to get them wrongly. They are seeking to preserve the family by depriving the woman of an economic independence after marriage. The policy leads the Board into all sorts of absurdities and inconsistencies. To justify its refusal to appoint a married woman teacher the Board asserted that her duties at home did not permit the married teacher to do her work at school. If, however, the teacher's husband deserted her or became physically or mentally incapacitated, then the home burden was assumed to be sufficiently relieved to warrant her resumption of her teaching duties. The theory is that married women may teach but married teachers who become mothers must be discharged. Yet the Board does not advocate any general abstention from motherhood by married women, and it would not dare to argue its own case even within its own four walls. The Board is wrong, as Dame Partington was wrong, because it is superior to the ordinary

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Pride of Race

> There were so many sugar-loaf heads, moon-faces, slit mouths, lantern-jaws, and goose-bill noses [among the gatherings of the foreign-born] that one might imagine a malicious jinn had amused himself by casting human beings in a set of skew molds.—*Professor Edward A. Ross, in "The Old World in the New."*

PROFESSOR ROSS has come from the Middle West, looked upon man made in the image of God, and proclaimed that except as produced in America he does not justify the Divine craftsmanship. He has watched the poor immigrants struggling up the gang-plank, has seen them herded in the roped enclosures of Ellis Island, has studied them as they issued, workworn, from factory gates and sweatshops, and has from some gallery or other looked down upon them, as, brushed and combed and clothed in their best, they gathered to celebrate weddings and christenings and funerals, occasions when common people are wont to laugh or cry. And as he looked down upon these men and women, Professor Ross, who is of a race of which he is justly proud, studied their faces, their hands, and their manners, and noted that these were "sub-common" people, "hirsute, low-browed, big-faced," "of obviously low mentality"; in short, of the Caliban type. Foreigners, he observes, at least those foreigners who come as immigrants to America, are in the main unbeautiful. There is a certain "fleeting, ephemeral bloom of girlhood," but otherwise among the women "beauty is quite lacking." He fears that American good looks will disappear as all this European ugliness works to the surface. "It is unthinkable," writes Professor Ross, "that so many persons with crooked faces, coarse mouths, bad noses, heavy jaws, and low foreheads can mingle their heredity with ours without making personal beauty yet more rare among us than it actually is."

Nor is it in good looks alone that the immigrant is deficient. These foreigners, as Professor Ross observes, are undersized, especially the Italians who are dwarfish and the Jews who are very poor in physique. The Slavs, he admits, have vitality, are "immune to certain kinds of dirt" and "can stand what would kill a white man"; but even this vitality disappears in a generation or two of American life. As for honesty, fair-play, decency, morality, Professor Ross is certain that the new immigrants are below the earlier types. The Syrian is a liar and a cheat, the south Italian is a liar and a cheat, the Greek and the Jew are liars and cheats, and these are the races which are to people America, and bear the children that Americans, dismayed by this immigration, refuse to bear. America is [illegible] "A people that has no more respect

After reading Professor Ross, we wonder whether pride of race, however justifiable, is in itself a sufficient equipment for passing judgment upon a problem as intricate as that of immigration. We do not wish to prejudge the question, for Professor Ross's inadequate defense still leaves that policy defensible. But Professor Ross, entering the arena armed with racial snobbishness, should know that it is exactly such facile generalizations as he has made which becloud knowledge, and evoke equally offensive and absurd assumptions from the other side. From an ignorant disputant nothing better might be expected, but Professor Ross is an erudite and brilliant man, with access to the learning of the world. A scholar so equipped has no more excuse for meeting difficult anthropological problems with the superficial observations of a cub reporter than a wealthy man has excuse for turning counterfeiter.

When we seriously seek to unravel the infinitely complex problem of the effect of racial intermixture upon national character, many perplexing questions present themselves. What, for example, is the effect of good food upon good looks? What is the influence of the better economic conditions of America upon cleanliness, courage, truthfulness and physical vitality? To what extent has our declining birth-rate really been the result of immigration, and to what extent has it been due to other economic and social causes equally operative elsewhere? What are the interactions between social environment and heredity, and what are the economic and historical roots of that very race-snobbishness which takes the form in each nation of assumed racial superiority and a contemptuous attitude towards lesser breeds?

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Realities of the War

FOR a fortnight or more I had heard of Dixmude. I knew it was a place of "strategical importance" a place to be marked with a little flag upon a map. I knew it as a dot at the angle of a winding river no bigger than a worm. I had read of it as the probable scene of "serious engagements," when strongly attacked by the enemy's reinforcements, and I had calculated the possible effect of its fall upon our positions in Dunkirk and Calais. In short, I understood as much about Dixmude as most people understand when I entered it one night in the middle of October. The first bombardment was over, but from both sides the heavy shells flew across the town. From the end of the main street came an incessant noise of rifles and machine-guns. Unaimed bullets wailed through the air, and pattered as they struck the walls. Flaming houses shed a light upon the ruined streets, but only one house looked inhabited, and all the others which were not burning stood silent and empty, expecting destruction.

That one house was used as an outlying hospital or dressing-place nearest the firing line, and the wounded had to be led or carried only two or three hundred yards to reach it. They sat on the dining-room chairs or lay helpless on the floor. A few surgeons were at work upon them, cutting off loose fingers and throwing them into basins, plugging black holes that welled up instantly through the plug, straining bandages, which in a minute ceased to be white, round legs and heads. The smell of fresh, warm blood was thick on the air. One man lay deep in his blood. You could not have supposed that anyone had so much in him. Another's head had lost on one side all human semblance, and was a hideous pulp of eye and ear and jaw. Another, with chest torn open, lay gasping for the few minutes left of life. And as I waited for the ambulance more were brought in, and always more.

In a complacent and comfortable account of hospital work I lately read that "deaths from wounds are happily rare; one surgeon put the number as low as 2 per cent." Happy hospital, far away in Paris or some Isle of the Blest! The further from the front the fewer the deaths, because so many have died already.

In the nearest hospitals to the front, half the wounded, and on some days more than half, die where they are put. Often they die in the ambulance, and one's care in drawing them out is wasted, for they will never feel again. I found one always took the same care, though the greenish-yellow of the exposed hands or feet showed the truth. Laid on the floor of the main hospital itself, some screamed or moaned, some whimpered like sick children, especially in their sleep, some lay quiet, limbs pounded into mash, heads split open, intestines hanging out from gashes. Did those bones—did that exquisite network of living tissue and contrivances for life—cost no more in the breeding than to be hewed and smashed and pulped like this? Shrapnel—shrapnel—it was nearly always the same. For this is, above all, an artillery war, and both sides are justly proud of their efficiency in guns.

Since the Boer War our field guns have enormously improved. The French, too, rejoice over their "Seventy-fives"—small 2·5-in. guns, murderous in effect. French, British, and Belgians bring large 4-in. and 6-in. guns into the field as well. Perhaps these do not make such a hole as one on the roadside by Dixmude in which, I was told, twenty-seven men and a lot of horses were indistinguishably mixed up as in a cauldron. But the future is before us. The duration of the war may enable us to surpass the prowess even of 16-in. howitzers. Even at the present our guns probably kill and rend as many of the enemy as theirs of us. Add the machine-guns that mow ranks down like reaping-machines in harvest; add the rifles pumping death as fast as a man can squeeze the trigger; the cavalry swords and lances slicing at men and plunging through their backs; the charging bayonets like long skewers or double-edged knives, which we are told, till we are sick of hearing it, that the Germans "do not relish." Relish! How would these easy-going, bloody-minded talkers relish a foot of iron thrust into their own stomachs for a sauce?

By one means or another we may be sure that for every Belgian, Frenchman, or Britisher who suffers death or anguish in that little bit of the conflicting lines along the Yser at least one German suffers death or anguish, and probably more than one. The thought rejoices our patriotism, but does not reduce the horror of the war. At intervals throughout these continuous lines from Nieuport to Switzerland such things as these are now happening every day, and the same are happening along the Vistula, in the Carpathian Passes, and the marshy frontiers of East Prussia. Our imagination is overwhelmed by numbers. Human beings taken in multitude do not matter, and we hear of ten thousand violent deaths with less emotion than the postman's knock. At a certain point of horror the imagination fails, or else, more likely, man dares not exercise it lest he should go mad.

On both sides the men whose lives or energies are thus cut short while still they might expect many years of ordinary happiness, are, for the most part, decent and well-intentioned people, occupied with the soil or manufacture, and beloved by somebody. On both sides they may be ignorant of the diplomatic occasion of the war, but devoutly believe in

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death or slow agonies of such admirable people there lies the horror of the devastation. During the first Balkan War in which I was present nearly eighteen years ago, I attributed to Turkish savagery the burning of villages, the homelessness and starvation of peaceful inhabitants, the destruction of all property, the misery, outrage, and indecency to which women were exposed. I have since learned that these things are characteristic of all wars. They are, as it were, the trimmings of the "pièce de résistance," and there is no distinction worth making between the methods of the Turk and the methods of the most civilized and highly educated Western nations. War has been called the great leveller, and so it is, for it reduces the paragon of animals to a plane far below the level of all other beasts inhabitating the globe. Thus it comes about that the roads across the Franco-Belgian frontier are now crowded with pitiable men and women, more destitute than wild animals, and far more filthy, trailing children along with them, carrying all they possess tied up in napkins, climbing sandhills sometimes to see if their homes are yet destroyed, and crawling on again into the unknown with the hope that death and shame at least may be avoided.

It is uncertain whether the realization of war, if that were possible, would tend to peace. There is something in man which delights in horror and another's pain. It especially delights in the thought of death and bloodshed. We see it in the popularity of murders, executions, and tales about scuppers running red. Crowds gather at shambles, and if a German officer is weak enough to shudder at blood, he is sent to attend slaughter-houses till he imbibes the taste. Horror is the natural stimulant of the dull and unimaginative nature, and the sight or thought of anguish suggests the comfortable reflection that it is another and not oneself who suffers. That is why savages laugh for joy in watching the tortures they inflict. One remembers the woman in "The Dynasts" who, thinking of Napoleon eating babies for breakfast, "laughed with horror at the queerness of it till she was that weak she could hardly go round the house." Speaking of Napoleon and his purposes, Bishop Blougram might ask—

"What's the vague good o' the world, for which you dare
With comfort to yourself blow millions up?
We neither of us see it! we do see
The blown-up millions—spatter of their brains
And writhing of their bowels and so forth,
In that bewildering entanglement
Of horrible eventualities
Past calculation to the end of time!"

Bishop Blougram might ask and see that. But Napoleon, though he saw, did not spend time in asking; and every dull, insensate nature only feels the greater pleasure the more clearly he beholds those scenes of misery from the comfortable distance of his morning paper. That is why such exact descriptions of war as Tolstoy's "Sevastopol" and Zola's "Débâcle" have a little influence upon the side of enjoy the pleasing spectacle of the languishing gestures, pitiful motions, horror-moving yellings, deep-fetched groans and lamentable voices of a dying and drooping man."

But even in the midst of this most bloody war there are many who are neither marble-hearted nor savage-minded, but remain uninfected by the manias of the time. Among the ruins of objects for which they have striven, among the general degradation which sees in slaughter an opportunity for shoddy contracts and the capture of markets, among the ghouls who feed on battle, and in the collapse of much that appeared to dignify humanity above the beasts that perish, they will at least refuse to be blinded by the phrases of glory and the abstractions of military science. Whether they count the war for good or evil, they will look reality full in the face. They will try, as far as they can or dare, to recognize the awful human cost involved in the bloody conflict, whichever way the balance of good or evil swings. HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Municipal Ownership Versus Regulation

THE movement toward public ownership and operation of municipal utilities received a definite impetus at the Conference of American Mayors on "Public Policies as to Municipal Utilities," held in Philadelphia, November twelfth to fourteenth. Close observers have noted for some time the rising sentiment in favor of public ownership and operation of the city's utilities, but few expected that the sentiment was such as was revealed on the platform and in hotel lobbies during this conference, attended as it was by mayors or delegates from over one hundred and thirty cities, and by delegates from the leading civic organizations and universities. It is believed by those in closest touch with the sentiment among mayors and other city officials that a resolution favoring municipal ownership and operation could have been adopted by a vote of two to one. In lieu of this recommendation, however, resolutions were unanimously approved stating:

"WE RECOMMEND: That no general conclusion be formulated upon the abstract question of municipal ownership, but rather we express our judgment to be that municipalities should be given in all instances the power to municipalize public utilities, the expediency of its exercise being at any time and place, and with regard to any particular utility, a matter for local determination.

"That we make no general determination as between State Board and Local or Home Rule regulation of public service corporations. That we do, however, declare that the franchise-making power should in all cases be local, that municipally owned utilities should be subject to local control only, that

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rule should be preserved by at least leaving it to the people of a city, of whatever size, to determine whether they desire to act for themselves or to call in a State Board, if one exists, either to regulate, or to aid the local authorities in regulating, privately owned local utilities."

The sentiment was further expressed by the utterances of such leading mayors as Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, and John Purroy Mitchel, of New York City, the former declaring unqualifiedly for municipal ownership and operation, the latter, in common with numerous other mayors and officials, declaring that it was necessary for the city to reserve power to municipalize its public service institutions at will.

One of the first reasons for this rising tendency toward the municipalization of the city's public service lies in the extreme laws that have been passed in certain States, such as Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, depriving cities of all effective powers over their own utilities. Thus in the Pennsylvania law it is provided that any ordinance or municipal franchise before being effective must first have the approval of the public service commission, and that any municipal corporation must have the commission's approval before it can "acquire, construct or begin to operate any plant, equipment or other facilities for the rendering or furnishing to the public of any service of the kind or character already being rendered or furnished by any other public service company within the municipality." And not only must all contracts or agreements between public service companies and municipal corporations be approved by the commission in order to be valid, but any public service company "may apply to the commission, before the consent of the local authorities has been obtained, for a declaration by the commission of the terms and conditions upon which it will grant its approval of such contract or agreement if at all," a power not enumerated to the city. Thus the city is placed in the position of having to appear before the commission to urge lower rates or better service standards than are provided for in a contract to which it has just affixed its signature. Moreover, the rulings of certain commissions were, and could be, put in evidence, which, to those in charge of public plants, mean unfair discrimination to the private competitors of public plants and illiberal treatment of those in charge of them.

The regulation by a State commission of municipal plants or of private plants operating wholly within a city, is just as objectionable to city electorates and city officials as was the regulation of police and fire departments and public works departments by State-appointed boards such as were prevalent in the late '80's and the early '90's. If the temper of the Mayors' Conference can be taken as a guide, urban residents are growing to be just as impatient regarding State control over utilities local in their operation, as they grew of State administration of city fire [illegible] control over utilities inter-city or inter-county in their operation, but it was urged strongly that to take the control of municipal utilities out of the control of the electorate that used them and knew their standards of service and rates, and to place it, in effect, in a State electorate wholly unfamiliar with local conditions and services and irresponsive to local demands, is detrimental to every fundamental interest of municipalities. The power to appoint State regulative commissions is a more valuable asset to the party in power than was the power formerly vested in the State governor to appoint police boards, fire boards and commissioners of public works.

The second reason for the tendency toward the municipalization of the city's utilities is the growing belief that valuations fixed by State regulative bodies have been excessive, and that the theories of valuation now being urged before these boards or adopted by them will lead to even higher valuations in the future. There is a basic reason why valuations fixed by public service commissions tend to be higher than those fixed by the courts. The interest of the courts is to prevent confiscation of property. Public service commissions, on the other hand, have not only to protect property, in order to prevent their rulings from being overthrown by the courts under "due process of law" clauses, but they must also place valuations at a point, and place returns high enough, so that investments will be attracted to their State. High valuations, however, will lead to public ownership, because in the public mind one test of a fair rate and a fair valuation is what a city-owned and operated plant can perform the same service for. When valuations for rate-making purposes are higher than rates based on the cost of a new public plant, the urban public, ever interested in the millions of dollars it pays for its utility services, will inevitably decide that it is cheaper to own its own plant. On the other hand, it is equally true that if valuations are made so low as to lead ultimately to poor service and inadequate equipment on the part of utility companies, there will then be a demand for public ownership in order to secure better service and adequate equipment.

Regulation to be permanent must, therefore, in the long run be based on values neither much higher than the cost of a new public plant, nor lower than will warrant adequate service and equipment. Valuations thus fixed will so limit returns as to make the private utility owner care little whether his returns are expressed in the moneys received from the sale of his plant to the public, or from his own ownership and operation. In time, therefore, effective regulation will, in this country as it did in Germany, make utility owners willing to sell out to the public at fair valuations.

Finally, the rising tide of adverse criticism of State regulation and the rising sentiment in favor of public ownership are due to the fact, ever more

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city which has full legal and financial option to build and operate its own plant at will. To any class of utility owners, freedom from control by the city electorate means license to disregard the will of that electorate. This independent or indifferent attitude on the part of utility owners, a spirit that is not shared, be it said, by all or necessarily a large portion of utility owners, will react to convince the city electorate that its best interest will be served by owning and operating its own utilities. For we must remember that no other class of municipal service is so near and vital to the urban resident.

The expression of a favorable attitude toward public ownership and operation is, therefore, according to the Mayors' Conference, the result (1) of unnecessary limitations placed on cities by extreme state control, (2) of the difficulty of arriving at a valuation that is acceptable both to informed urban citizens and to that class of utilities whose capitalization has been unduly "watered," and (3) of the need for the alternative of public ownership and operation to assure fair rates and adequate service standards from the city's serving companies.

CLYDE LYNDON KING.

Germany's Second Plan

ELEVEN weeks after the Battle of the Marne the thing which was dimly discoverable before is patent to all. On that field the first and most promising of German strategic conceptions was blocked, wrecked, terminated definitely. There it was decided that France was not to be disposed of by one swift, terrible blow, held to ransom thereafter for peace, eliminated promptly and permanently from the pathway of German greatness.

That Germany herself realized this fact promptly may be doubted. In the confused, indecisive, desperate fighting along the Aisne, the Somme and between the Argonne and the Meuse, there was still to be discerned in the following weeks an apparent effort to take the road to Paris again. Such an effort, if there was one actually made, faded slowly into nothing before October came.

In that time the world, slowly perceiving that there had been an actual check, began to search diligently to discover what would be Germany's second plan, now that her first was gone to ruin. To be sure, eager correspondents of London newspapers promptly forecast German retreat to the Rhine, to the Meuse, to the Sambre, only tardily perceiving that whatever might be that second plan, retirement was certainly not a primary detail.

Looking at the campaign in the west from the first week in October to the last in November, is it not possible to discover certain definite details, gradually coalescing into something approaching unity? Rising above all the facts of October was the capture of Antwerp, a circumstance instantly taking the imagination and the emotion of the world, but not so rapidly illuminating the observer.

In the first great dash into France the German masses swept through Belgium with little concern for what lay to the right or to the left of that road which led to Paris, and to reach the end of which there was allowed to them, by the grace of Russia's slower mobilization, some six weeks. Once the Belgian army was swept back into Antwerp, contained by a minimum of rearguards, it was "Forward" and always "Forward," to Paris, to a second numbers available, to Germany in September there came, first, the retreat to the Aisne, second, the slow, methodical beating down of the last flame of Belgian resistance about Antwerp. At the outset the observers diagnosed this work as a mere police operation in the rear, a prelude and preface to the second rush to Paris, when irritating Russian interferences in the East should be hammered down.

Early in October, however, when Antwerp had been taken in shining fashion, German activity broke out, not in Champagne, where the Kaiser's lines were still within sixty miles of Paris, but north in Flanders. Evidently the Kaiser was now bent not upon taking Paris, but upon reaching the Channel. Instead of facing south he was looking west, and with unmistakable impatience.

At the outset this effort was identified as a military move to bring his right flank, much endangered in the past by various drives by the Allies, squarely to rest upon the sea; to straighten his line until it ran across France from the Meuse to the estuary of the Somme at Abbéville. Thus straightened, the German front would be shortened by at least a hundred miles, and would require some 500,000 fewer men to hold it—500,000 men highly useful elsewhere, now that Russia was daily mounting higher in numbers and energy, even, most unexpected of all, in efficiency.

Two weeks of battling between Lille and Nieuport, however, sufficed to demonstrate that this operation of straightening the line was not to be performed without cost of life which, from a military point of view, was wholly incommensurate with the advantage to be derived. What profit to shorten the line to release some hundreds of thousands of men, if that number of lives were to be lost in the effort?

Next in order was the assumption that the driving spirit of German strategy was to arrive within sight of the British coast, to be at a distance of only twenty miles of open water from England, now recognized as the foe who, in the German mind, claimed the concentrated hatred of a nation become tolerant, even complimentary by comparison,

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rumor suggested that there were new guns larger than the 42-centimetre howitzers, calculated to command the Channel when placed on the heights from which Napoleon, camped at Boulogne, watched the same enemy. Mine fields, submarines launched at Boulogne, at Calais, at Dunkirk—these might presently close the Straits of Dover, seal up the port of London, reduce the wharves of the Thames to the idleness of those along the Elbe, prepare the way for invasion.

Yet, in time, as more and more thousands of lives were sacrificed in the marshes of the Yser, sacrificed in vain, and still new thousands came forward, singing as German regiments do in the face of machine guns and British musketry, even this solution failed to satisfy. If the object were merely to menace England with a danger which might still be an empty peril, should the sacrifice of German lives so reduce German numbers that the Russian, the Frenchman and the Briton on the continent could contain German forces at home, it was a venture outside of what the world expected of German system, science and patient common sense.

Last of all, two Germans so utterly unlike as Count von Reventlow and Maximilian Harden contributed quite unintentionally a new answer to that Battle of Flanders now in its sixth week. Each with great apparent simplicity intimated that once Germany had Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, she would be ready to talk peace. Indeed, there was an instant and suspicious recrudescence of peace talk in Holland that same hour, such a "spontaneous" outbreak as startled the world in September, when von Kluck was at the gates of Paris.

Harden and von Reventlow seemed to agree that so far as Germany was concerned she was prepared to make peace when to the whole of Belgium now held she had added a slight paring of France toward the Channel. "Unnecessary to fight further," they seemed to hear the Kaiser say presently; "nothing but a war of exhaustion conceivable. Impossible for us to get Paris, Warsaw. Quite inconceivable that you could get, not Berlin, but Brussels. For the sake of peace Germany might consent to relinquish, say Champagne, our frontier on the Meuse, and thence west to the Channel. Let Russia take Galicia, and my ally Austria go south to Salonica; no one to lose much, I to keep Belgium, wholly conquered, already reunited to Germany."

Looking back over November and October, it seems plain that somewhere in this period Germany gave over those earlier conceptions which, if realized, meant the crushing of France financially as well as in the military field; that she set aside the notion of achieving world domination at one bound, and instead went methodically to work to eat Belgium, leaf by leaf, in the fashion that one eats an artichoke. It was then that she first seemed chiefly concerned with producing a situation in which, when all nations should begin to stagger under the burden and losses of the war, she might be found with Belgium wholly in her hands, with her western patriots had dreamed over for so many long years.

Silesia, Prussian Poland, Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein, lastly Alsace-Lorraine, each in turn had been acquired by war; Belgium conquered, it might be wisest to halt for the moment. But, the seaports untaken, Belgium was still a fragment, Germany's sea front as confined as ever. Once conquered—completely conquered—William II could hope to hold Belgium as Frederick the Great held Silesia, until the whole Continent grew weary, and Prussia, weariest of all, alone kept heart. "Peace always on terms of Belgium and Boulogne," the Kaiser could henceforth say; seemed prepared to say, once the "Watch on the Rhine" could be played on the hills that face Dover.

Such in retrospect seems to have been the immediate or the gradual development of Germany's second plan; a plan wholly consonant with Prussian history and Pan-German propaganda, a plan commensurate with German sacrifice along the still untaken trenches of Flanders.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

A Note on Forgetting

"I have done that," says my Memory.
"I could not have done that," says my Pride, and remains inexorable. Finally, my Memory yields."—Nietzsche.

PROBLEMS of forgetting occupy a position of peculiar importance in all of Freud's works. The very conception of the unconscious which is the inspiration of his whole system, is directly based upon his theory of forgetting. Stated generally, this theory maintains that the mind has an inveterate tendency to forget the disagreeable. But at the same time Freud is one of the most ardent champions of the widely accepted theory that the mind never forgets anything; in fact, he is one of the few psychologists who have fortified this hypothesis with adequate proof. It is therefore interesting to see how these two points of view are to be reconciled.

Freud's double attitude does not involve a contradiction. It is quite true that we remember everything, in the sense that it is registered somewhere in our mind, but these memories may be deposited in what may be assumed to be two different psychic systems. One of these is the ordinary associative memory, and the other is what Freud calls the unconscious. Whatever has been deposited in the first system remains accessible to us; that is, it can be recalled, whereas everything deposited in the second system becomes inaccessible; that is, it retains its unconscious quality. The unconscious, according to Freud, is simply a vast repository, located in some parts of our psychic structure, in which we store the disagreeable. When he says that we forget the disagreeable, his real meaning is that we make it unconscious. And instead of saying that the mind never forgets anything, it would be more accurate to say that the mind never fails to register, but that

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proof for this contention lies in the fact that under certain conditions such as hypnotism these inaccessible records can be made accessible.

In spite of these definitions the reader is likely to feel that Freud's dictum about forgetting the disagreeable runs counter to his experience. He will object that on the contrary he has an all too vivid recollection of some intensely disagreeable past events. But a large number of the disagreeable experiences which we remember it is good that we should remember. Such is the famous experience of first touching the hot stove. This is the type of disagreeable but salutary experience upon which we henceforth act instinctively to our own advantage. The existence of memory is justified by its function if we assume that it stores up all impressions, whether agreeable or disagreeable, which are of service in preserving the organism. Memory is then simply the accumulated store of individual and racial experience.

But this attitude already implies that we remember the disagreeable on account of some benefit which we have derived from it. We do not so much remember that disagreeable first burn as the fact that it saved us from being burned a second time; the usefulness of the experience has lent it what is really a pleasant quality, so that it is still a question whether we are capable of remembering an experience that has remained purely disagreeable. Now Freud has pointed out that our memory of the disagreeable is always faulty, and to this extent it is already partly forgotten. This fact becomes striking when the faulty reproduction of the disagreeable is brought about by the substitution of something agreeable in its place. This occurs in its crudest form in the mental elaborations of a man who has been worsted in a personal encounter. His version of the affair differs materially from that of the victor or the impartial spectator. If we are to believe him, he has not really been defeated at all. He may have been punished by his opponent, but he has delivered some smashing blows in return, the odds were against him, and if they were to have the fight over again he would surely come off the victor. Thus we see his mind continually laboring to reconstruct the details to make them appear more favorable and to restore his prestige both in his own eyes and in those of the world.

Freud sees here a universal tendency; we all try to reconstruct the past in our favor and to aestheticise the ugly spots in it. This is especially true where the disagreeable has acquired a personal quality because our self-esteem, our pride, or our legitimate vanity is involved. We have derived no value or consolation from the experience, so that it serves no use that would justify its preservation in the accessible part of our memory. Such an experience in the stream of our normal association is like a noxious foreign body, of which the mind seeks to rid itself in accord with a natural tendency to practice the greatest possible economy of mental strain. It is the effort to render the disagreeable ineffect-

This tendency is not confined to individuals. Freud, in one of those brilliant digressions of his which illuminate so many of his writings, has pointed out the racial implications of his theory. The same psychic forces are at work in the formation of national myths and legends. The hard facts of defeat are slowly crowded out of the national consciousness, so that we often find a vanquished nation possessing the most glorious epics. It is in this way that a true son of Ireland nourishes his patriotism. A recent episode in German literary history furnishes a neat illustration. When Gerhard Hauptmann was asked to write a drama to commemorate the centenary of German emancipation from the Napoleonic tyranny, he inserted several realistic scenes portraying the complacent and cowardly way in which Prussian officialdom of those days had knuckled under to Napoleon. The presence of these scenes caused the play to be received with a wave of indignation. The national consciousness clamored for the flattering myth that Germany had always resisted the tyrant, and in the end the historic truth had to yield a point. Hauptmann was generally reprimanded for his tactlessness. The episode is to be recommended to American historians who complain that their muckrakings of the Constitutional Fathers generally fall so flat.

In the "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," translated by Dr. A. A. Brill, Freud has treated the problem of forgetting and of the unconscious on their lighter sides, as they touch certain activities common to all normal individuals. The phenomena thus studied include the forgetting of persons, places and things; slips of the tongue, pen, and eye; the failure to carry out resolutions or to complete intended actions, as well as all those errors and unexpected oddities of behavior which chequer our daily lives. Here Freud is remarkably successful in showing the existence of a conflict between the conscious intention and an unconscious counter-will. The forgetting or the mistake is regularly determined by a definite though inhibited intention of which the individual is unaware, a determination which is epigrammatically expressed by saying that the things we did not mean to say or do are the things we really meant to say or do. The analysis of the underlying motives always shows either that the disagreeable has been repressed or that something agreeable has been put in its place. The examples range from the trivial to the profound; the same man who forgets to pay his tailor because his funds are low, may forget his wedding anniversary because an unsuccessful marriage has embittered his life.

Fascinating as these studies are for their own sake, they serve a more important purpose by initiating us into the larger aspects of the unconscious. Already in his Clark University lectures Professor Freud has emphasized the fact that the mechanisms of the unconscious as revealed through the study of the hysterias and the neuroses can hardly be grasped or understood until we realize that the

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all normal individuals. The problem of forgetting and of the unconscious affects our daily lives as a mere annoyance, but we must remember that the same problem accounts for the intolerable memories which disorganize the personality in hysteria, and in the insanities destroy it altogether. The difference, between the normal and the abnormal, is merely a matter of degree; it depends largely upon the ability to face the disagreeable, and the vital resistance against being overwhelmed by the unconscious.

ALFRED KUTTNER.

Was Belgium Neutral?

IN approaching the case of Belgium the student of contemporary history is forcibly reminded of the statements about evidence in the opening paragraphs of Carlyle's "Cromwell:" "They lie there printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion; yielding light to very few; yielding darkness in several sorts to very many." Apparently the friends of the Allies expect to prove every count against the Germans. Apparently the Germans are convinced that if they disprove one count in the indictment, they have shown the whole accusation false. The prominence of the issue, the extraordinary vehemence with which it is discussed, are due to the fact that the invasion of Belgium is largely responsible for the unfavorable attitude toward the German cause in England and France, and in most neutral countries. Hence this insistence by the Allies upon the elaboration of all conceivable detail which will hammer home the charge; hence the German attempts to demonstrate the charge itself and all its details false and absurd. The object of the inquiry is by no means on either side the discovery of the truth.

The hostility of neutral opinion to Germany, so far as Belgium is concerned, seems due far more to the German attitude toward Belgium, and particularly to the German argument, than to the actual invasion and perhaps to the atrocities charged. The Germans declared that the invasion was a military necessity based on and justified by the law of success. In an unguarded moment a very high official said that treaties were scraps of paper. A German general had written a book whose main thesis was that might makes right, that ethics and humanity as ordinarily understood were antiquated conceptions, and that obligations were not to be honored when too much sacrifice was involved.

In the light of these statements, the interpretation of the facts seemed so obvious that all denials that the statements had any relation to the facts have been quite futile. Indeed, the facts have demonstrated to most people that the German government was acting upon that kind of logic and ethics. Let us be very clear about it; this is the Germans' real offense. It is not the invasion of Belgium, but the German justification of it.

Let us leave this labyrinth where we wander perplexed from treaty to treaty, from White Paper to Gray Paper, from letters by historians to nam- Russian mobili- west, because of the even greater slowness of the

ness of technical justification and look at the facts, not so much for the sake of convincing or convicting anyone as to find out what the situation was at the time the war broke out. We shall see that in fact no one was really neutral—least of all, Belgium.

For twenty-five years it has been clear that Belgium herself did not regard the treaties guaranteeing her neutrality as a sufficient protection. The size of Belgium made defense of her neutrality by her own army, single-handed, an impossibility. The only attitude for her to take was to abandon all defense and put herself upon the honor of the guarantors; alone she could not resist one of them, and unless the others rescued her she could not be rescued at all. When Belgium years ago advisedly departed from this course, she showed then that she ceased to rely upon the treaties, and no longer regarded them as the guarantee of her independence.

The reasons for her change in policy are obvious. At the time the first treaty was made, Belgium was more afraid of France than of Germany. Even in 1870 it was by no means clear that Germany would be dangerous. It was the development of the German Empire which destroyed the reality of Belgian neutrality. A Power had arisen which believed itself capable of conquering, single-handed, the two other guarantors of the treaty of neutrality, a Power which had clearly an interest in despoiling Belgium of her independence. The control of the mouth of the Rhine, the acquisition of a maritime position on the Channel, were both vital parts of the German program, and of so great utility from a commercial, military, and naval point of view that only the ability of France and England to maintain themselves in the face of the new colossus could possibly save Belgium from extermination.

It was evident to the French and English, who no doubt explained it to the Belgians, that for Belgium to remain neutral was to throw the balance in Germany's favor and possibly to insure the defeat and destruction of France. For Belgium to wait to be protected was to throw open to Germany a wide road to France, and to foreclose to the French the right to defend themselves at the only places along the road where defense was practicable. It was an open secret that the German attack in the next war would be aimed at Paris through Belgium. The Germans could mobilize much sooner than the French and English, and could utilize in the

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French could put in the field on short notice. If such an army poured into France through Belgium before the French were ready, France would be defeated, and a new epoch in European history would begin. To save France, the German advance must be delayed long enough for the French to complete their first mobilization, and there was only one place where the German advance could in all probability be delayed—Belgium.

If military interests compelled the Germans to attack France through Belgium because the frontier between France and Belgium was difficult to defend and the country between the frontier and Paris equally void of natural defenses, these same facts made it necessary for the first French defense to be made in Belgium. Hours would be precious; upon them would hang the fate of France, and without question the fate of Belgium. Obviously, for the French or English to send troops into Belgium to their own military frontier was to violate the treaties of neutrality and to sacrifice a diplomatic advantage of the first importance. That was not, however, the worst obstacle. The Germans counted on mobilizing three days sooner than the French or English, and if they could do so, they would, with the aid of their superior forces and better transportation, reach the Belgian frontier and pass the natural defenses long before a French army could be transported there, even if France should herself pay no attention to the treaties.

The vital difficulty in this question of neutrality was and is that the territory of Belgium was not and is not really neutral ground. It is literally the front door to France and the side door to Germany, and its possession by either is so dangerous to the other that the moment war breaks out or even becomes probable, Belgium is either a part of Germany or a part of France, and hostile territory for whichever of the two does not hold it. From the point of view of the French defense, therefore, Belgium had to be held long enough to delay the German advance. That the Germans could be defeated in Belgium, no one in Brussels, in Paris, or in London ever dreamed. There was only one chance to delay them, there was only one army which could delay them, and that was an army on the ground, a Belgian army. With such secret assistance as France and England might send them, the Belgians would have to do the best they could in the interests of all three countries.

Whatever the diplomatic facts may be, whatever the technicalities of alliances and treaties eventually prove to have been, Belgium was as clearly an ally of France as England was. The Belgian army and its dispositions, the Belgian forts on the German frontier, were prepared with the advice, at least, of English and French generals. Plans for the cooperation of the three armies were undoubtedly made. Let us not quibble over the question whether this was not an infringement of the neutrality. The Belgians knew—let us say it once more—that the

The growth of Germany, the formation of the Triple Alliance, the formation of the Triple Entente, their rivalry, the determination of both to resist to the death, clearly proved to Belgium a change in the European situation which made her independence conditional upon the victory of the Triple Entente. There was no choice about it. Belgium could not be a bystander; she could not be neutral in any real sense of the word. She was an ally of France and of England, and by that alliance alone could she continue to exist as a nation; of that the Belgians were early convinced. It is a thousand pities that such should have been the case, that the exigencies of European politics should have made real neutrality for this unfortunate country an impossibility, should have compelled it, as a price of continued existence as a nation, to take the risks of the dreadful punishments of war.

This is an explanation of events which seems probable in the light of actual deeds. Whether or not it is a justification of the German invasion, of the conduct of the Belgians, or of the sympathy of the neutral world, is a different question now that the war is begun. The vital offense of Germany is that she has made the rest of the world believe truly or falsely that she is the aggressor; that she is attempting on whatever grounds to take property away from other people; that her policy, whether it is called self-preservation or ambition, means that she must have more of the world's goods than she has now. The second vital point in the indictment against her is the explanation which her statesmen and writers have given of her deeds. Belgium and Belgium's neutrality merely happens to be the incident over which this general issue of the justification of the war has been fought out in the press and on the platform. ROLAND G. USHER.

The Logic of Fanaticism

AMONG the sweeping judgments, boasts, insults, recriminations, and falsehoods that dishonor the present war, two are often heard which, though flatly contradictory in form and in animus, yet curiously enough designate the same substantive fact. One of these assertions is that the Germans are barbarians, the other that they possess and defend the highest *Kultur*. Why should anyone call the Germans barbarians when they evidently share to the full in the arts and traditions of Christendom? Because, incidentally, their policy and methods are ruthless, appealing deliberately and even from a sense of duty to any and every means which is expected to further their national purposes; and again on the deeper ground that they are singly determined to carry out an *a priori* impulse or Absolute Will, which their philosophers have found to be agitating the whole universe and more particularly their own bosoms; a will to which they attribute infinite authority and value, so that it must be heroically executed, in dis-

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And why do the Germans claim the highest *Kultur,* and claim it with the deepest conviction, backed by the most elaborate historical and philosophical arguments? Almost for the same reason for which they are called barbarians by their enemies. Have they not renounced individualism in the interests of organization, recast their institutions and subdued their souls for the better service of the State? Have they not scoured the sciences and tormented the arts, so as to strengthen and express their national energies? Evidently their alleged barbarism is but the inevitable operation of their boasted *Kultur;* and the bias of the two opposite designations cannot alter the formidable fact to which both equally apply.

The sword of Islam and the zeal of the Inquisition were similarly denounced and similarly justified. Those who think they have hold on an absolute good must necessarily be ruthless. That the end justifies the means passes for an immoral maxim; but taken in one sense it is the very principle of order and rational sacrifice. A supreme social good is hardly to be secured without foregoing many sweets and inflicting many stripes on one's own back and even more on one's neighbor's. It is true that a rigid control of life in the service of ends freely chosen would not curtail freedom, but rather set freedom in motion where only chance and alternating impulses prevailed before.

Yet the maturer and disillusioned portion of mankind are hardly wrong in smelling a danger whenever an absolute and supreme end is proposed and pursued to the serious inconvenience of everybody. They know how likely it is that such a dazzling celestial light should be but heat-lightning. The pursuit of any single end, ravishing and incomparable as it may seem to the enthusiast, strains and impoverishes human nature, and sometimes, by detaching it too much from common and humble feelings, actually debauches it. Indeed, the inhumanity of fanaticism does not lie chiefly in the conscientious crimes which it dictates here and there; it lies rather in the miserable imaginary end itself, for the sake of which those crimes are committed. A "truth," a "salvation," a *Kultur,* which wars and persecutions hope to diffuse is presumably spurious. Men presently will cry out to be saved from that salvation and enlightened out of that truth; they will gasp to escape from the heavy regimen of that *Kultur,* so as to see this green world for themselves, and live and learn after their own fashion. If the end does not justify the means, it is because this end is too often worthless, or at least no more valuable than what it bids us renounce for its sake. Nothing will repay a man for becoming inhuman. The aim of life is some way of living, as flexible and gentle as human nature; so that ambition may stoop to kindness, and philosophy to candor and to humor. Neither prosperity nor empire nor heaven can be worth winning at the price of a virulent temper, bloody hands, an anguished spirit, and a vain hatred its fury to get stated, and finally swamps and of the rest of the world.

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The Faith of Broadway

OVER the proscenium arch of George M. Cohan's Theatre there is a fresco of a young man in unnecessarily wide trousers, slouching on a dock and gazing at a distant ocean steamer. The young man seems to suggest that he should be taken seriously on the ground that his place might be filled by some meaningless Venus or Cupid rampant. He decorates a theatre at Broadway and Forty-second Street and he doesn't try to conceal the fact. Over him is inscribed the legend: "Give my regards to Broadway."

There is no disputing the statement that his twang is native to us. He would have been discordant in Athens, he is distinguished to-day in any European music-hall, and at the headquarters of the American War Committee in London his trousers, his voice, and his pennants were a refuge from everything British. He lives and moves on the stage of George M. Cohan's Theatre to the delight of immense crowds. No breath of tradition has touched him, he is free not only of all that suggests Europe, but of all that suggests the older tradition of America; he could not live in a native New England farmhouse, nor trek across a Western prairie. Emerson and Whitman mean nothing to him, and as for Anatole France, the notion suggests how much variety there can be in one universe. He belongs to Broadway, he is the provincial of a big cosmopolitan city and in him you may witness the final caricature of commercialism.

The play in which he appears this season is called "It Pays to Advertise." The scene is the home of a wildly rich "soap king" whose son went to Harvard. This fact and an absurd little blonde moustache betray at once the moral problem of the son; see the Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, that handbook of puritanism for cash. The soap king takes up the business of reform by conspiring with his pretty business-like stenographer, who happens to be "some girl." On a commission basis it is arranged that she should come in contact with Rodney, the young man, in order that he may fall in love with her. He does, and finds in that ecstacy sufficient incentive to defy the sham opposition of his father and to take up a business career. The father's motive is slightly complicated by a bet of thirty thousand dollars that he has made against the man who is his only rival in soap. For this rival also has a son, who, from the looks of him, must also have gone to Harvard. He is a young man whose idiocy is congenital and not acquired. Of course, the soap king wishes to win his bet, and prove to his competitor that he can beat him not only in soap but in sons.

Into this situation there explodes a press-agent looking for a chance to pick up some money. He believes passionately in advertising, his faith flows out from him, bubbles over, becomes congested in

two young men strike a bargain and decide to go into soap, not into the making of soap, but into the advertising of a soap that does not exist. The theory which occurs to them is that by setting up as rivals of the old man, whose notions of advertising are conservative, they can threaten his business and compel him to buy them out. They feel a certain official sanction from the whole American people in attacking the soap octopus. There is in them the lovable aggressiveness of youth, a nimbleness and resourcefulness of mind which enable them by cajolery, swindling and lying, to collect enough money to begin business.

In the second act the new soap company is embodied in an office; the blonde moustache is gone. Though no soap exists, a soap is being advertised strenuously by these two bright young men. They have plans for a factory which they do not intend to build, but which they do intend to make the frightened father think they are going to build. They are creating "good-will" and a trade-mark for a soap that costs a dollar a cake. At first no results show, and the financial situation is desperate. But they extricate themselves by such ingenious methods as passing bogus checks and swindling the other young Harvard man. The father enters, disturbed by the advertising campaign, and the son, to the immense amusement of everyone, proceeds to sell the "old duffer" the bankrupt fraud of a business. But the pretty stenographer naively gives away the truth, and the soap king departs undeceived, leaving the bright young men to their terrible fate.

Then miraculously the power of advertising appears. In this darkest hour the great American public becomes clamorous for the dollar soap. The bright young men buy up some trust soap at three cents a cake and fill the first order. But the public is unsatisfied. Marshall Field's agent arrives from Chicago with a consuming passion for a mountain of soap. He offers to purchase the trade-mark the recipe which doesn't exist, the good-will, everything, at a fabulous price. The father is impressed, and he, too, begins to bid. The pretty stenographer manages the deal and finally sells the "concern" to him for a sum which makes the audience purr. Advertising has done it. Advertising has created values which didn't exist, has made something out of nothing, turned wind into gold, a waster into a magnate, an empty fraud into a flourishing business. It is all very funny, with "lots of punch," "lots of get up and go," zip, flurry, American cleverness, all justified by the fact that the young man has "put it over."

The authors were not writing a satire, but a panegyric backed by all the faith of Broadway. And they are as clever as the young men in their play; they, too, have their little joke. "It Pays to Advertise" is in itself an advertisement—an advertisement of advertising, and of the big national advertisers. For on the torrent of dialogue there float bits of fact by which the names of the noisiest businesses, from Wrigley's Spearmint to Boston Garters, are dinned into the ears of the audience. It is, of course, not traditional in play-writing to advertise goods from the stage, to make their trade-marks part of a drama. But that is what this play does. It pursues one step further the magazine policy of surrounding reading matter with publicity, and if the logic of the situation is developed we shall have Bibles with magazine advertisements, sermons in which mention can be purchased, and school-books garnished with Campbell's Soup. It even occurs to me that I am serving the same cause in this article, for, as the press-agent says: "It's being talked about that counts; what is said doesn't matter."

We are a good-natured people, and the only thing we fear is priggishness. You must laugh and not criticize or you are a highbrow. You must under no circumstances confess that blatancy and cheapness lacerate your soul, for the virtue of Broadway is to be a good Indian.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Limits of Cooperation

THERE is no safer practical assumption than that not one of the "regenerative isms" is to have its way with the world. Anarchism, communism, individualism, socialism, with impetuous variants like syndicalism, divide men largely on the line of temperament and partial experience. Each has its period of exclusive and romantic faith before settling to its task of working with other agencies which choose a different name. In the early nineteenth century some of the most penetrating minds held that individualism was to sweep everything before it. Migrations, and the growth of states made possible by technical changes in industry and traffic, have shown this touchy ortho-

world's work must be done by highly centralized powers, and one after another railroad, telegraph, telephone, express companies and innumerable other "monopolies" drop under state control.

It is not alone Panama canals, Alaskan railways, reclamation service, conservation, insurance against industrial misfortune, and the great issues of the public health which daily enlarge the functions of the state, but every addition to these new centralized powers becomes at once a reason why further tasks are thrust upon them. Precisely as money has been loaned to weaker nations with the provision that they buy goods from the lender, so great manufacturers are now quietly aiding city owner-

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public listens to the Postmaster-General as he tells us openly what we may expect of the parcels post. If it carries eleven pounds it may carry twenty, an hundred, or a carload. Just as little are we surprised to read from that past master in large finance, Mr. Perkins: "The Stock Exchange has ceased to be a private concern. . . . The only way to restore confidence is to place the Exchange under control." Sometime, when these government undertakings have attained sufficient extent and variety, the limits of desirable monopoly will appear. At present we are caught in this world-drift toward an ever strengthening state control. It will prove expensive, but every forward-moving people is asking more of it.

In the strictest sense this tendency is socialistic. It lessens the avenues of private investment and private adventure for profits. Among some forty peoples living under every imaginable form of government, this movement has been so steady as to stimulate the sectarianism of the socialist. The logic of his "ism" becomes a fatality. Because so many things are toppling toward government control, he reasons that everything will revert to it, and "government by the people, owning and democratically administering all the machinery of production, shall come to its own." Nowhere is there a solitary sign that the fatalities of this logic are to be fulfilled. Wherever socialism has gained influence enough to force it into positions of responsibility, the cooler heads already know that everything is not going to the state or the city. The ablest criticism of collectivist orthodoxy is no longer from without but from within. There are nowhere more intelligent socialists than those who have begun to tell us why everything is not going to collectivist control; why socialism will reach its limits as well as individualism. We now know that socialism is to play a great and increasing part in the future, that its greatest service is still before it. It becomes droll only when it struts before us as a monopolist. Socialism has got to live with free and individualistic forces powerful enough and various enough to hold its excessive claims in check. There is also in individualism, anarchism, and communism that which will never be left out of any wholesome and vigorous society.

Cooperation, too, has also been an "ism." Its dreaming pioneers had their own spasm of romance in which they looked to see it triumph in every field of industry. The proof is at last overwhelming that only a portion of the world's wealth-making and distributing will be done either by the "self-governing workshop," which drops out the employer and takes all his risks, or by the far more important fellowship known as "consumers' cooperation" of the Rochdale type. It is in this latter that the great strides have been taken, and yet in every country limits appear from within the movement itself. According to the earlier belief, competition was to disappear, all middlemen were business it has been learned that competition is necessary, that many middlemen are as useful and as productive as the man who grows wheat, that much advertising is as strictly among the utilities as the baking of bread. Simply by long and successful business experience cooperation has learned to distinguish between the huge abuses of competition, middlemen and advertising, and their possible uses.

With this discovery has come a new sense of cooperation itself. It, too, is learning to live with those who prefer a different name. Just as consumers are becoming conscious of their power, just as they are learning to organize that power to their own advantage, they are learning also that permanent centers of human interest exist which can never be identified with consumers' interests. The interest of those who sell their product, the interest of the worker in his union, have their own antagonisms to men as consumers. Over them both the state is organized. In simplest graphic form it represents the circle within a circle. Every mechanical and natural power which becomes the center of private privilege is being forced within that inner circle. It is the area of compulsion, of uniformity, of bureaucracy. It has the strength and the weakness of a strictly limited competition. The inner, socialistic line will become larger as certain big businesses, certain mines, electric and water power operations, are brought within it. Sometime we shall learn to subjugate these monopoly powers to public uses, thus preventing private persons from exploiting them, and then that enormous free outer area will be left for private business, private initiative, experiment and adventure.

A great deal of capitalism, in the sense of private profit-making and hiring of wage-labor, will still go on outside the "socialized" circle. It is probable that a good deal of large-scale private industry of the bolder, risk-taking sort will go on there also. With monopoly powers once under social control, these free activities will be safe. Together with the thousands of cooperative associations, they will form the best counterweight and unprivileged competitor to the bureaucratic lethargies of the state.

Except through business affiliations with state and city, cooperation will have its chief activity and best growth outside the inner circle. With the stupendous work done by the state, cooperation must compete. It will have two other competitors—free, large-scale industries in variable and more hazardous enterprises, and a growing number of those who are essentially artists in their craft. These more individualistic and even anarchistic types will not submit to group management. It is their gift and their strength that they will not cooperate.

I know a grocer who is one of the artists. It is his delight to have a small business; not a family more than he can personally look out for does he

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my customers." No cooperative store can or ought to put that grocer out of business. He is twin brother to those industrial frontiersmen whose fun it is to discover and to satisfy some new and legitimate want among men. It is precisely such beneficent limits as these that cooperators are learning to recognize. Indeed, just as it helps us to be free once for all from the fiction that there is a "solution" for any growing social problem, it is no less a help to be able to see and to admit the limits within which industrial cooperation has to perform its part. The most telling popular criticisms against it lose their force when these limits are frankly faced.

The demands of space exclude both illustrations and qualifications necessary to meet some obvious criticisms on the thesis here maintained. These restrictions may be met in part when we look further at cooperative experience in the United States and in Europe, and to the relation which the movement bears to capitalism and socialism alike.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Timid Neutrality"

SIR: When a new periodical appeals to the public for support, it has a right to expect a clear statement of principles. An editorial in the second issue of "The New Republic" gives me the impression that this has not been given. If there is a field where at present clear ideas are needed, it is morality, and nowhere is this more vital than in the discussion of Belgium neutrality. When, therefore, it is said that "treaties will never acquire sanctity until nations are ready to seal them with their blood," I feel the Editor is making a statement the consequences of which he has not thought out. Is this a primitive view, or modern thought? Both Germany and England are at present sealing their beliefs with their blood. Which does it prove to be right? Neither; it is a test like the trial by fire and other primitive standards.

Treaties become sacred as they conserve the interests of both parties to the contract. They become a menace when they interfere with social progress. No amount of blood-shedding will make them sacred if the enforcement is to the interest of only one party. The Belgium issue is put in general form by asking, "Are we bound by agreements our grandfathers made?" It becomes American when we ask, "If a careless city council bargained away the rights of the people in a perpetual franchise, are the people of succeeding generations to be held by this contract? Are they to have any relief, and if so, how?"

I wonder how we can have a "New Republic" without a clear enunciation of the moral principles on which it rests. Does, for example, the Constitution of the United States become sacred because we are willing to die in its defense, or because it conserves the interests and welfare of the American people? If the latter principle gives its security, can we say that "promises are idly broken" if modifications in it are made to increase prosperity? Is higher morality and social sanctity a blood bond or a bond of welfare?

To show the application of these facts to Belgium, I shall say that in 1839 the King of Prussia bound himself and his "heirs" to respect the neutrality of Belgium. In 1871 the German Empire was founded, which gave to the people a voice in the control of national affairs. The German Empire has never ratified this act of the King of Prussia, nor has there been any period since then when the German people would have ratified a treaty that severed Belgium from Germany. Everyone knows that the economic vail in the moral court, the economic or the racial? I shall be interested in the Editor's reply. I fear that his race feeling got the better of his moral judgment.

SIMON N. PATTEN.

University of Pennsylvania.

An Answer to E. P. H.

SIR: The attitude of the Congressional Union, since it split with the National Woman's Suffrage Association a year ago, has been one of dignified and consistent silence in the face of persistent and sometimes vicious attacks upon its every act. Nevertheless, I believe that as a member of the Congressional Union I may voice what I personally feel, at least, in reply to E.P.H.

The National Suffrage convention has repudiated the Congressional Union, and E.P.H. may derive much comfort from this circumstance; but the Congressional Union, with a large and fast growing membership, lives on. The work for the Constitutional amendment followed consistently and undeviatingly by the Union appeals more and more in its large vision to earnest and thoughtful supporters of equal suffrage throughout the country. The feeling that through the Bristow-Mondell amendment, which provides without compromise for nation-wide suffrage, the vote can be obtained with the greatest ease and celerity, more and more prevails. It is for a "New Nationalism" for women that the Congressional Union is working.

The States' Rights doctrine of the Democratic party is unalterably opposed to this, therefore it is quite consistent that the Congressional Union should oppose the Democratic party. This policy has been followed only in the suffrage States, and by this means, for the first time the women of the country who are voters have been asked to assist in bringing the franchise to their sisters in the non-suffrage States. The campaign shows no Democratic advocate of woman suffrage lost to the cause by this method of attack, but rather an increased and insistent adherence to suffrage by candidates of all parties. In the national capital, too, an unprecedented seriousness in the attitude of members of Congress has resulted. E.P.H. has little ground for fear that a policy of opposition to a party endangers its ultimate support. Political history proves the contrary. I may also add that the assumption that New York State is the key to the situation is a shibboleth which is not supported by the history of the woman suffrage movement.

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English Sentimentalism

Outcast, a play in four acts, by Hubert Henry Davies. First presented at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 2, 1914.

SOMEWHERE in Walt Whitman there is a joyous exclamation over a morning cup of coffee. It was made for him at Slabsides, the home of John Burroughs, and perhaps because he was not a slave to caffeine it gave him that sunlit elation which is ascribed to wine. After ordinary denatured acting it is with a similar elation that one records the performance of Miss Elsie Ferguson, in "Outcast." An unsuspecting and spiritless stranger to her work, I waited for sentimental posture and saccharine appeal, the chief aims of the American star. Instead there came a woman to whom even an inferior play was a medium for serious and stirring expression. It was one of those surprises that descend like a windfall from heaven. To Miss Ferguson acting is one of the great arts, as far removed from bon-bon attractiveness as portraiture is removed from the sweet insipidities of the magazine cover. To insist on personal piquancy, to preserve corseted style while appearing to unbend, to smile and to pout, to articulate for the stalls rather than for the ears of the person addressed, to display gowns "expressly designed and executed," seems to be the province of the majority of those dulcet creatures who draw large salaries on the American stage. What Miss Ferguson has done in the past I do not pretend to know. Perhaps she, too, has spoken from the teeth out and depended on a bewitching appearance. But in "Outcast," at any rate, she is wholly preoccupied with her role. It is not a role in which the greatest actress could triumph, but such opportunities as it does offer Miss Ferguson mints into sterling. Not only faithfully imagined but freely and finely projected, her Miriam is a woman of feeling, temperament and idiosyncrasy, ranging in mood and manner as a creature ranges in life.

As a version of human relations, however, "Outcast" is insufferable. Apparently "honest" and "sincere" and all the rest of it, it is the product of a dramatist who has learned little from the masters of his time. One should be grateful, I suppose, for any competent theatrical production, but it is hard to be grateful for this probing into what the dramatist fondly believes are genuine hearts and souls. Rewritten by a satirist, "Outcast" would be an admirable exposition of the island pharisees. As it stands, it is essentially banal. What makes it "unpleasant" is not, as some timorous critics imagine, its "courageous" presentment of a prostitute. It takes no more courage to dramatize a prostitute than to dramatize a bishop. "Outcast" is really unpleasant because it reveals a philistine mind reduced, after the formulation of its problem, to a sentimentalism too sickly to be endured. The last act in a play is not like the last course in a dinner, to be condoned if the preceding courses are good. Much more is it like the last battle of a campaign or the last returns of an election, the validation or invalidation of all that goes before. To say that Mr. Davies ends sentimentally is not, therefore, to lament a momentary lapse. It is to reject with completeness his version of the problem entertained.

From childhood to grown-up years Geoffrey and Valentine, members of the English upper middle class, have been in love with each other, and for two years have been engaged. Suddenly, at the instance of her mother, Valentine accepts a wealthy elderly baronet. With the sorrowing disapproval of his best friends, who nevertheless pour first on the evening of the wedding, still drinking heavily after a morphinated sleep. To relieve the tedium of his grief, his two friends propose a walk, but it rains and they stay in Geoffrey's flat. The younger of the two employs himself as an assistant to Pluvius, squirting soda water at the passers-by, hits a street walker, hales her, and with Geoffrey's consent, calls her up to his rooms. She is an American girl, slangy, free, professional, out of pocket but undismayed. The men are sympathetic. After a while they find she is starving and give her food. She is touched, tells her hard-luck story and arouses in Geoffrey a sense of his own self-indulgent woe. The others clear out. Geoffrey tells his own story, and arranges, magnanimous male, to "rescue" Miriam from her life on the streets. Miriam is overwhelmed by his friendliness. Under her influence he stops drink and drugs. Exhibiting the proper susceptibility of the convalescent, Geoffrey adopts her as his mistress. He proffers her, that is to say, a new prostitution for the old—regular as against seasonal employment and no danger of occupational disease. It suits him admirably. He regains nerve and cheerfulness, begins to make money and to feel fit. His friends fear that Miriam will be a drag, but he is sure she's "the very girl he needed," and he accepts her lavish spaniel-love.

In this relation Miriam and Geoffrey live for the first year of Valentine's marital experiment. On Geoffrey's side there is, obviously, only fondness. To Miriam, however, Geoffrey is the chevalier. She loves him more and more. But as time goes on, and social checks are exerted, she realizes the disadvantages of being a prostitute. She contrasts her relation with the married relation, and marriage seems rather more secure. Seeking to "improve" herself so that she will not disgrace Geoffrey, she hopes against hope for elevation to domestic peerage. There is, however, a romantic lien on Geoffrey and when Valentine leaves her dull, elderly, wealthy baronet and sinks into loneliness and unhappiness (not consoled by drinks or drugs, however, or even by a well-paid lover) Geoffrey "discovers" that his love has never died. There is a scene in which Miriam fights for him. He gets angry and strikes at her, forbids her to mention Valentine's pure name, and pays her off with two weeks' extra salary, after the fashion of employers impatient but generous and "kind."

Robed for romance, Valentine comes to Geoffrey, now restored to his ugly celibate flat. She confesses that she married out of ignorance—her spouse was good but dull. Geoffrey understands, and they cheep together over an early pigtail snapshot and adventures under the old apple tree. In the middle of the reunion Miriam is heard wrangling with the doorman. To save disgrace she is brought in—wan, weak from hunger, tame. She faints and is taken to an inner room. Geoffrey, quite chastened, returns long enough to agree solemnly with Valentine that, whatever happens, one must always, always "play the game." With this deliciously British revelation in mind, Valentine decides to return to her husband, dull but good; and when Miriam staggers out by herself from the inner room, Geoffrey, still "playing the game," offers her the job of mistress or wife, either or both, but in Buenos Aires, the town of moral moratorium. Refusing marriage, "the reward for good women," Miriam slavers her master's hand, and the curtain hides the rest.

All this, one may say, might happen. That, I conceive, is true. But does Mr. Davies know what did really happen to every stifled soul in this drama of liars, slaves and cheats? On that, too, the curtain descends without an

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Books and Things

DID I seem at all queer to you when we met the other day? So might the American Academy of Arts and Letters, if she were a self-conscious and uneasy body, question M. Brieux. She has not put the question. She may not have thought it odd that a member of the French Academy, which exists first of all to guard the purity of the French tongue, should have struck the American Academy in one of her unconservative moods. This is just what happened, however. Through Professor Brander Matthews, her neat and persuasive spokesman, our Academy called for volunteers. She invited undersized words and words of tender age to join the English language.

When Synge had given up Paris for Ireland he traveled in West Kerry, and lived for months at a time on the Aran Islands, listening to the talk of peasants, collecting idiom. Lady Gregory has done a like work in the region about Coole. Douglas Hyde, I suppose, did something of the kind before making his earlier translations. Mr. Brander Matthews tells us of an English society whose members listen in factories and shops for the names that the real workers give to their machines. Thus they hope to replace scientific terminology by racier words. In France Remy de Gourmont, with not precisely the same end in view, has invited men of letters to help themselves from the storehouse of words which invention and modern industry have created. A colleague of this impulse has led William Butler Yeats to say that our modern prose is written too much for the eye, and not enough for the ear. The two impulses are blended in the assertion that a writer ought first to listen, and then to write as if he had heard.

Teachers of rhetoric used to discourse about words, sentences, paragraphs, wholes, but I suppose it is mostly words that we add to our stock by marking what people say. Words, and fresh uses of old ones. My janitor, describing the food a friend of his had eaten in Libby prison, calls the meat "slampy." I do not know the word. It is not in the Century or the Standard. It is not in the Oxford, though "slamp" is, undefined. You are left to infer its meaning from two quotations, both out of Cotgrave, neither of them to my purpose. But in Wright's English Dialect Dictionary "slampy" is said to mean "flabby; soft and wet." It is heard in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire. How did my janitor, who comes from Taunton, Mass., have access to this word, the only word of the first class that I have learned since I began to listen? Perhaps "slampy" is still used, and with my janitor's accuracy, wherever a settlement in America was made from one of those three English counties.

Words, though they are the most useful things a writer can collect from the living speech about him, are not the most surprising rewards of listening. Chunky soliloquies, for example, which have been exiled from self-respecting plays, are commoner in real life than I had supposed. On a liner once, from Geneva homeward, I listened a good deal in the smoking-room. A small man of fifty, whose dejection seemed unaccountable until you learned that he had lately been exposed, in the company of some eighty other persons, to Egypt, the Holy Land, and the Black Sea, sat at table with three or four other silent men. They, too, had suffered from Egypt, the Holy Land and eration or so, except Urquhart's translation of Rabelais. And in this community, about fifty years hence, I shall

"Now here's a question. Why is so much water salt? If it were fresh, that is to say, if it were not salted, it would be just as suitable for sailing purposes. On the other hand, it might be less healthy. And yet there are the Great Lakes, which are large bodies of fresh water, and they are not unhealthy. And where does the salt come from? And how much does it take?"

A speech, you think, and not a soliloquy, because the speaker was not physically alone? If you had seen the expressionless faces of his companions, faces blank with recent travel in Egypt and the Holy Land, you would have admitted that he was soliloquizing. Just as I, on my side, am ready to admit that such overheard soliloquies do not refresh one's weary vocabulary. It is words that we must listen for, catch in their context, tear from their context and transplant. When we have listened and collected, and are ready to profit by our collections, we shall scarcely be astonished by discovering that we are up against new problems in literary art. Certain new words have a knack of smashing certain old literary forms, and new forms must be devised. Many proper names, for example, are relatively new. If you try to use them in old forms, to write elegiacally about the death of your neighbor's wife, you get immediately into trouble. "Death, whither hast thou taken, and why hast thou cut down in the flower of her womanhood, Mrs. John K. Busby? Wherefore, O Death, hast, thou left widowed and forlorn, with his young children motherless, Assistant Secretary of the Board of Education John K. Busby?" This leaves something to be desired. A new elegiac note must be sounded if our elegy is to harmonize with its subject's name.

But in that elegiac form which we have invented and perfected our own proper names sound rather better than Greek names would. In an elegy beginning with whereases, proceeding through resolveds, and ending in a determination to communicate a copy of the foregoing to the bereaved family of the deceased, we should be surprised, I dare say, if we stumbled upon Iope, Artemidora or Iphianassa. However, no harm is done by trying to put contemporary proper names into elegies, rondeaux or aubades. Either we shall get used to the result, no matter how odd it looks at first, or else our more ingenious authors will arrive at a working compromise between new names and old forms. The forms will get bent, the names will be somewhat "stylisiert." And the poet who can run with contemporary proper names without being thrown for a loss need not be afraid to tuck any other contemporary word under his arm.

He can then go forth, as Mr. Brander Matthews would have him go, and listen. His pallid style will grow ruddy by transfusion of blood drawn from living speech. His vocabulary, which now tastes as if it had been grown under glass, will taste of the soil again, will have a smell of the earth in spring. The youthful clerk in the broker's office, the plumber, the professor of metaphysics, the young girl from the preparatory school, the clergyman and the farm hand, all will exist, from the poet's point of view, for the sake of enriching his diction. From them, unconscious, he will consciously learn. Most of all will he attend to the colored and variegated language of newspaper readers, gathering from them the apt words they have gathered from the press. Meanwhile, by way of experiment, I shall persuade some plutocrat to buy and isolate a community, and to ordain that nothing shall be read there, for a gen-

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Democracy in Emerson's Journals

ENTHUSIASTS who care to trace Emerson's opinions may have a rare time with the ten volumes of his Journals, the last of which was issued in the spring. The Essays offer ripened thought; the Journals record its growth. Democracy in America is mentioned no oftener than many other subjects, but it is one of the most interesting, because Emerson's changing sentiments are shown against a background of men and events, and because they exhibit the age-old conflict between faith and fact.

At the back of Emerson's mind persisted certain static ideas about democracy. He believed that each man had in him a spark of divinity; that therefore he should be self-reliant; that, free to form his own opinions, he should be tolerant of the opinions of others; and that in a world of such men good government should supply a quiet routine for attending to the few matters of general concern which could best be handled in common. The deference some Americans paid the machine annoyed him sometimes, and sometimes disgusted him, as when he gave an ironic second to the formula: "I baptize thee in the name of the Governor, and of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives." The machinery for getting on seemed to him a by-product of ideal democracy. He did not set out to define what it should accomplish. Definitions were not in the coinage of Emerson's mint. Yet in one passage, speaking to a definite point, he came close to compressing his whole theory of government: "Let us stifle our prejudices against common sense and humanity, and agree that every man shall have what he honestly earns, and, if he is a sane and honest man, have an equal vote in the state and a fair chance in society."

In Emerson's first years out of college, democracy was just his synonym for America. It was his own America, too, and he was quite complacent about it; sometimes more complacent than lucid. "Let those who would pluck the lot of immortality from Fate's urn, look well to the future of America." If his countrymen could boast no arts, "we have a government and a national spirit that is better than persons or histories." The judges of his own future utterances were to be an emancipated people, for "in America we have plucked down Fortune and set up Nature in his room." These were the sentiments and the rhetoric of the Commencement orator. Of course he soon gave over such bombast, nor to revert to it.

When as a full-grown man he went up and down the world he felt much satisfaction in the crowd. Although he had no intimates among his own group, he was an easy "mixer" among average homespun people. Charles Eliot Norton told with wonder what a universal talker Emerson was with everybody aboard their returning ship in 1873. Thirty years earlier the Journal accounted for his apparently miscellaneous taste. "When, in our discontent with the pedantry of scholars, we prefer farmers, and when, suspecting their conservatism, we hearken after the hard words of drovers and Irishmen, . . . this is alkali to our acid, or shade to our too much sunshine; but abide with these, and you will presently find they are the same men you left." His mention of the Irishman was not accidental, for he hated all "native-son" Pharisaism. With inspired recklessness he welcomed "Irish, Germans, Swedes, Poles and Cossacks and all the European tribes," with Africans and Polynesians to boot, and he took his turn with the melting-pot metaphor [illegible] London. He even came to appear to Emerson when he play. He did more than like the commoners; he insisted often on their sound judgment and ripe intelligence, and protested against "talking down" to them. Books they did not like were faulty for that reason, should have been written differently. "The people—no thanks to them—are nearly always right, have a low sort of right, that of common sense and instinct; and the man of talent and ingenuity is wrong."

Yet going up and down the world he saw much to deprecate. It hurt him that bad manners should prevail. When he looked at Washington's portrait in his dining-room, and noted his depth and gravity, it seemed as if "this man had absorbed all the serenity of America, and left none for his reckless, rickety, hysterical countrymen." But the manners of them were no baser than their philosophy. Perhaps no more could be expected of a nation dedicated to trade, whose conversation was all of hay and grain and pigs and corn and apples. Nor with so little perspective was it surprising that they could be easily misled. Twice in 1853 came this entry, word for word: "Alas for the Majority! That old inevitable dupe and victim. What a dreary Iliad of woes it goes wailing and mad withal. Some dog of a Cleon, or Robespierre, or Douglas, or Butler, is always riding it to ruin." Finally, worst of all, neither leaders nor followers were always honest. The leaders electioneered and truckled. "Cotton thread holds the Union together . . . patriotism for holidays and summer evenings with music and rockets, but cotton thread is the Union." And as for the unco guid, there was no sign of humor in the context when he blazed out in 1864: "The obstacle the philanthropic movements meet is the invincible depravity of the virtuous classes."

So much for the obverse of the medal. It is not true that at any point in his career Emerson stopped believing in the people and began to disbelieve in them; yet these words of distrust and dismay were more frequent in the later Journals, just as the fine indiscrimination and good cheer prevailed in the earlier ones.

Emerson's comments on Webster, stretching over forty-six years, fairly summarize the whole matter. At the outset he looked up with unbounded admiration to the "awful charm" of the older man. Webster was a majestic epitome of America. In 1834 the Webster speeches seemed "the utmost that the unpoetic West has accomplished, or can." In the next year came the first moderation of praise when he noted that Webster's intellect so dominated him that a recent utterance in the Senate was not "a scream of real passion . . . . anything else than a fine, wise, oratorical scream." His reply to Hayne was great because he spoke beyond himself, "uttered things not his own," and so escaped nonsense. By 1841 he was care-worn and anxious under hostile criticism. With 1843 doubts of his character were changing to decision. Still of transcendent talent, he needed apologists for his personal habits, and defenders for his equivocations. He was "a great man with a small ambition. . . . He wished to add a title to his name, and be a President. That ruined him." His willingness to let loose his powers on demand was now undermining him. The Bunker Hill oration was "poor and Polonius-like." Webster was no better than his light-headed audience, "a very good America himself." In court, too, though a power with the juries and a terror to the judges, he chanted platitudes, "a soldier hired for sixpence a day." The next year he was no greater than the great actors in his speech-making, and, like them, he should have gone to

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After 1848 the final verdict was clear. "Webster does not lead, but always plays a reverential part to some ancestors, or Whig party, or Constitution, or other primary who is much his inferior if he had but courage and a calling." He might have ruled America, but he was cowardly. He had wholly failed to live up to the promise of his powers. After the "Seventh-of-March speech," liberty in his mouth sounded like "love in the mouth of a courtesan"; "Union," as he pronounced it, became a "ghastly nothing." Then, once more in his representative capacity, Webster was an incarnation of the American people "with their vast material interests, materialized intellect, and low morals." These were sad days for Emerson, the sadder because he must now exult over his adversary. Yet though Webster had fallen, his countrymen were not to be despised. Rather, they vindicated themselves anew. In the Baltimore convention Webster was totally repudiated, not receiving a single vote. And when he estranged his younger followers, they rose in youthful power and "drove Mr. Webster out of the world."

Throughout the Civil War Emerson's hopes were always steady. At the end he was once more sure that the populace who could be misled in small matters could be trusted in great issues, and that the demagogue could achieve his end only when the rest of the world was off its guard. The fine ebullitions of his youth were things of the past, but so were the distrust and half despair of his darker hours. The whole story was a story of a man's normal experience in testing his faith by the facts and in reconciling the two.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Later George Moore

Hail and Farewell: Vale, by George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Company, $1.75 net.

AN elderly egotist has written three volumes of malicious reminiscences. That is a true statement about George Moore's "Hail and Farewell." It is also an absurdly misleading statement.

The reminiscences are not like ordinary reminiscences. Wishing to make portraits of his friends, George Moore sits down and consults his memory. When memory yields just the characteristic saying or doing that he needs in his picture he seeks no further. When memory is stingy he invents. With nicest craftsmanship he keeps the remembered things and the invented things in the same key. His sitters may declare that they never said this or never did that, and they may be right. It does not matter. Nobody who is not acquainted with them, at first or second hand, can tell the invented bits from the remembered. Both kinds help to make the pictures superb examples of Kleinmeisterei.

The malice is not like ordinary malice. It is George Moore's indispensable color. Without it he simply cannot paint. Whether his malice is claro or colorado or maduro, it never exists for its own sake. There is claro malice in the portrait of Edward Martyn, but there is also tenderness and love. Moore has dutchpainted Martyn in the round, colored and solid, short legs in queer trousers, the room over the tobacconist's, the passion for Palestrina, the queer candles Martyn reads Ibsen by, all the friendly kinks and creases of his mind. There is colorado malice in the portrait of Yeats—his height and his hands, the adjusted drapery of his intellect, his figured speech and wise—but there is also a very real admiration. There is maduro malice in the portraits of Plunkett and Moore shows us George Moore interrupting AE, George Moore interrupting Yeats, George Moore interrupting Colonel Maurice Moore, George Moore interrupting John Eglinton. He knows that such an inveterate interrupter must bore his friends. Down goes the evidence against himself just the same. He shows us the friendship between Lady Gregory and Yeats as admirably sound on the whole, shows it slightly comic in parts, shows it making George Moore jealous and petulant. He puts in the jealousy and the petulance because they give definition to Lady Gregory's liking for Yeats, and because he needs them in his malicious portrait of George Moore.

This is a very special brand of egotism. Hardly a word in praise of George Moore is set down. Many rufflings of his vanity are recorded. It is not a devouring egotism. It doesn't always come to the table three regular times a day, but it does a good deal of nibbling between meals. George Moore's interest in himself doesn't shrink his power to observe other men. He observes while he is in the act of interrupting. This egotist, who is all the time looking at himself in the glass, sees other people a good half of the time.

George Moore has made a lifelong attempt to know himself, and he has almost succeeded. Almost everything concerning himself, from his love of Manet to the queer figure George Moore cuts in his pajamas, he records and understands. But one part of himself he misunderstands totally. He has no idea how foolish it was of him to enter himself for the standing and running broad generalization prize. The passages of sustained ratiocination are the only grotesques in the three volumes of "Hail and Farewell." He is rich in the small change of thought: he should never try to think consecutively. His self-knowledge has one other odd defect. He thinks it was his sympathy with the Boers in the South African war that drove him out of England and instigated the breakage of several old friendships. His mood at this time, in his own opinion, was harsh and bitter and savage and unrelenting and ferocious. He was stirred to the depths. All self-delusion, you understand. George Moore was fussed. That was all.

One other self-delusion is worth noting. It is hard to define, but its effect is plain. It has led George Moore to insert a few coarse and a few over-intimate passages in "Hail and Farewell." Their presence raises no moral question. It raises no aesthetic question. They are neither more nor less than bad smells.

Their sole function is to put an edge on our wonder that the man who wrote them wrote also such sentences as these: "Not a wind stirred in the tall grass, nor was there a cloud in the sky; a dim gold fading into gray and into blue, darkening overhead. A ghostly moon floated in the south, and the blue sailless sea was wound about the shoulders of the hills like a scarf." Or this: "We returned through the hilly country, with the wide, sloping evening above us, and apple-trees lining the road, all the apples now reddened and ready for gathering." Or this: "I had expected him to answer 'Cologne,' where we had stopped before to hear a contrapuntal Mass; two choirs, as well as I remember, answering each other from different sides of the cathedral, the voices dividing and uniting, seeking each other along and across the aisles." The first quotation is a little trite at the start, but doesn't it end in loveliness? And doesn't the creator of the last two know something about the rhythms of English prose?

An equal beauty is suffused over the longer landscape passages. George Moore is a true landscape painter. His

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were by another hand, to have been breathed upon the page. Add to these and to the portraits of persons, when you are counting his good points, the narrative art which makes many greater men's narrative sound harsh and jerky by comparison; add the consummate skill of his spacing, a skill which ordains that the landscapes shall never be too few or too frequent for the portraits and the dialogue.

A reader who isn't curious about technical questions, about prose as an art, about narrative as an art, will never get out of George Moore the best that is there. But we may easily acquire the curiosity; it doesn't take much mind. All the rest of George Moore may be enjoyed without any mind at all. Reading him gives many readers impious little feelings of freedom. He has labored with zest to restrict the area of the unmentionable. He has added several to the list of mentionable things. He has helped enormously to break down the convention which says to an artist: "You are welcome to do your friends in bronze or marble or pastel or oil. You must let them alone if your medium happens to be words. You mustn't try to put their actions and talk into print."

"Hail and Farewell" is a by-product. Moore was lured back to Ireland by his yearning to be in the movement, to bear his part in the attempt to revive Irish letters and drama. The "movement" never took him to its bosom. It preferred, very wisely, Yeats and Lady Gregory and Synge; leaving George Moore free to write these volumes for his own pleasure and ours. He has done no better writing. Landscape and wistfulness and portraiture and even wit are harmonized here into the easiest narrative. Never has George Moore, Kleinmeister, appeared so easily master of his art.

Bumptious Psychology

The War and America, by Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00 net.

FROM a psychological point of view this war presents a problem in mass-action and mass-sentiment such as the world has rarely seen. It is only through a psychological interpretation that we shall be able to explain satisfactorily to ourselves the origin and machinery of all this bewildering madness. Yet as the occasion brings out the flood of manifestoes and treatises from those whom we have thought to be the custodians of our intellectual heritage, it becomes increasingly plain that psychological and sociological science is doing little to help us in this endeavor. The whole discussion has been conducted on a distressingly moral plane, in high and poetical terms of justification and responsibility. As if this were a world where things are justified! Or else it has been conducted in terms of uncriticized historical and diplomatic shibboleths, with mythological personification of nations and movements.

With the exception of Professor Loeb's suggestive analogy of animal tropisms in his article for The New Review, one recalls with difficulty any serious attempt of a scientific mind to put into intellectual order the personal or social motives, instincts, emotions, interests, imitations, customs, leaderships, mass-suggestions, group-antagonisms and co-operations that have produced this war or are likely to result from it. From the stories of the correspondents, even, we are better able to piece the drama together.

Although he has attempted to apply psychology to business management, to industrial efficiency, to the witness-stand, even to life itself, Professor Münsterberg has certainly put nothing into his book except a feeble reference to the suggestibility of the American mind. He does not even show himself an expert in the psychology of advertising, for his employment of the artificial baby-language of diplomacy and his palpable and threadbare German-American patriotic sentimentalities are not cleverly chosen to seduce the American mind into a sympathy with the German cause. In his appeal to the supposed American love of "fair play" there is a certain audacious adroitness. Unfortunately the American attention has been too fixedly seized by the plight of Belgium to be very susceptible to this picture of Germany as the menaced and persecuted "under-dog," leaving her meek pietism for forlorn and desperate war against an implacable world of enemies.

With amiable persistence the author brings up, one after the other, all the irrelevances which might by chance touch off some emotional complex in the reader and switch his sentiment to Germany. Reminders of the German influence on American education, the usual recital of the diplomatic "causes" of the war, miscellaneous letters written by the author to the newspapers, sentimental memories of his early life in threatened Alsace and Danzig, a speech delivered at the unveiling of a Baron Steuben monument—all are run promiscuously into a hastily made book which makes so little strain upon the intellectual faculties as to be obviously written with a very average reader in mind. At times the argument is a personal plea. There is a delicious unctuousness in the implication that, having played the great part of interpreting America to Europe, it is now Professor Münsterberg's turn to interpret Europe to us. One feels the quiet confidence that we shall not prove ungrateful for so authoritative a kindness. The tone of patronage is thinly covered. We have been good children in the past, and we mustn't be naughty now and make faces at our big, grown-up Teutonic brother.

There are some of us, however, who would undoubtedly have been more grateful for some show of psychological insight. The only contribution most of us can make towards the present tragic occasion is a clear and resolute understanding of its human and social significance. We want an analysis of the social and psychological influences that have produced the contrasting civilizations that now purport to be fighting each other. We want a keener understanding of the different ways in which they map out the world of experience and the differing values they set upon each part. We want to know the connection between the initiating and directing groups in the different countries, and the rushing and delirious masses. We want an analysis of the role that intellect and passion are playing in the reactions to the crisis in both the warring and the neutral countries. We want, in other words, an orderly plotting-out of the mind, personal and social, behind it all. To such curiosity the academic mind remains feebly unresponsive. One becomes pardonably sceptical of the significance, in spite of the incomparable material at hand, of such scientific psychology as this author represents.

R. S. B.

Wapping Nights

Night Watches, by W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

ON a dock at Wapping, smoking an old pipe, there sits a fat night-watchman, good natured, yet full of latent indignations. The flicker of a white dress in a passing waterman's skiff, a vociferous mongrel on shipboard, or perhaps merely an aphoristic habit of mind, recall to him the humors of courtship, the tragi-comedies of comfortably wedded bargemen, the exquisite serenity of vulgar youth.

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proprieties. He is a philosopher, fond of a pot of beer, shrewd, rejoicing in the pain which is the past. There he sits, and Mr. Jacobs is his oracle. If you don't laugh too heartily, you can hear the shrill voice of the Missus, and a feeble stream of expostulation from Bill, or the contemptuous remarks of Ginger and Sam. In this volume Mr. Jacobs has inserted a story which, like Poe's, is designed to make the reader shudder, and it does. But laughing with Mr. Jacobs over his familiar domesticities is pleasanter. And this we do again.

Pseudo-Historical

The Witch, by Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

THE past, turned into fiction, may be glamorous or instructive, as readers of Miss Johnston are aware. She has a skill in shaping historical material to romantic uses. But what are we to say about a book that has all the trappings of romance and none of its glamor, all the seriousness of fact with none of the vitality that immortalized fact into truth? The plot and its manner are incredibly romantic, yet they are adapted to the realistic problem of religious convictions sternly maintained.

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